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SPRINGTIME'S TEACHING.

When the wild storms of winter are over,
And all nature throbs 'neath the sun's loving light;
When from earth's bosom the green grass is peeping,
And flowers are springing from dampness and blight,
Should not our hearts, filled with deepest emotion,
Unto "Our Father in Heaven" ascend;
As the sweet warblers of nature's Te Deum
Carol their praise to their Maker and Friend?

Earth is so beautiful, man so ungrateful,
God is so kind, so forgiving, so good;
Take heart, then, weary one, He who from darkness
Can this cold world with His glory thus flood,
Shall He not gently, when grief seems to fold thee
In the black fetters of life's winter night,
Lifting the cloud that hangs over thy spirit,
Lead thee from darkness to marvelous light?

Shining through showers the rainbow of promise,
Spring's lovely child throws its arms round the earth,
And will not the "Sun of God's Righteousness" gladly
For the "spirt of heaviness" grant thee "new birth."
So let us praise Him for life's glad awak'ning,
So let us thrill 'neath the breath of His love,
And the sweet babe of hope, born anew in our bosom,
With fond arms will reach out to Heaven above.

—Agnes Nourse, in N. Y. Observer.

LARRY'S ESCAPE.

How a Sailor Gave a Brutal Captain the Slip.

Larry Marker, first two days ashore from a lengthy China cruise, pushed open the door of one of the numerous grog shops along the water front and walking up to the bar called for a drink. His pockets were well lined with the "shiners," and he had been having and was yet having a "good time," while he saw the town and got some of the kinks out of his legs. Larry was by no means a reckless fellow, but he did like to spend money freely when he had it, and this was one of those occasions.

"Hello, Larry!" said a heavily-bearded man leaning against the bar, "where did y' drop from? How long a' y' been ashore?"

Larry looked at the speaker an instant and then wrung the hand that was put out to him.

"Blow me, Jim, but I never 'spected to see y'! I just came from th' China seas. What a' y' doin'?"

"Same ol' thing—coastin'!"

"Thet so? Well, I wouldn't mind tryin' it m'self. I'm gettin' tired o' these long trips."

"There's a good many o' th' same mind, I tell you. Y' know the Carstairs? Well, nine o' her men desarted to-day; couldn't stand th' treatment old Tasker giv' 'em, an' now she's a'lyin' out in th' bay short-handed, all ready to sail, but ain't got 'nuff men by three or four to handle her ropes. Sarves old Tasker right, too, I say. Never was a meaner cuss in a captain's berth."

"Right y' are there, Jim; right y' are," returned Larry, and the two fell to talking over old times.

A few minutes later Larry Marker had left the place and with bent head was pushing his way along the uneven pavement which bordered upon the wharves. His lodgings were at a sailor's boarding house at the lower end of the shipping front.

The rain beat furiously in his face and the water got in his eyes and half blinded him. The night was a dark one, anyhow, and the lamps which lit the pavement were so few and far between as to be almost useless.

He had gone a couple of blocks in this way, hardly looking around at all, when suddenly something thick was thrown over his head and a pair of arms were clasped about his own as he tried to tear the covering from him.

Then, kicking and struggling with might and main, he felt himself picked up bodily by what he judged must be a couple of men and carried along at a dog trot.

Where he was going he had not the least idea. As to who had him he had even less idea, if that was possible. All he knew was that a thick covering, which felt like a double gunny sack, was over his head and that a hand on his mouth prevented his making any outcry.

In a few minutes he heard the steps of those carrying him resounding on planking and he came to the conclusion that they were on one of the wharves. Then he heard a man ask if they "had him" and another say "yes," but that "he fought like a demon." Next, he felt a rope being passed around his body, lashing his arms tightly to his sides, and an instant later, helpless, he was being lowered into what he knew from its movements must be a boat. Then he could hear the regular rise and fall of oars between the thole pins and the soft running of water close behind him.

Fifteen minutes later, as near as he could judge, he was hoisted in the air, the covering was pulled from his head, the lashings around him cut loose and he found himself standing on the deck of a good-sized bark and confronting a red-bearded, surly-looking man in a sort of half uniform. On either side of him were a couple of red-shirted men, evidently those who had just hoisted him up from the boat.

One glance was sufficient for Larry to realize the whole thing. He had been "shanghied," and by the very old Tasker of whom he and Jim had been talking a short while before. Tasker was short handed, could not get men because of his brutal treatment of them, and being all ready to sail had sent out a kidnaping party to fill the vacant places.

The Carstairs was off for a long cruise and Larry was off with her, just as he had gotten ashore from two years of hot suns and hard work. The whole probable future passed like a panorama before his mind's eye.

He was standing close to the rail. Old Tasker was waiting for him to burst out in a torrent of rage and abuse. He wondered at Larry's silence and stood there, eyeing his captive with a demoniacal leer of satisfaction.

"Well, I guess yer in fer the v'yage!" he said.

With one bound Larry was up with him, and had knocked him flat with a blow from the shoulder. The next instant, before any of the others could stop him, he had sprung to the rail and dived head first into the waters of the bay.

Tasker jumped to his feet, half dazed by the blow.

"Into that boat, all o'y'!" he roared, "and bring th' cuss back or drown him!"

There was a rush of half a dozen of the men to the side. The falls had not been unhooked, and they swarmed down them into the boat. In a flash the fastenings were cast off and, with the second mate in the stern sheets, they pulled away.

Larry had taken a long header from the Carstairs' rail and, when he struck the water, he went down for ten feet without a stop. Then he struck out horizontally and, with quick strokes made in the direction he knew the shore to be in, all the time keeping under water.

At last, when he felt he must have fresh air, he let himself rise slowly, so slowly that his head made not the least splash as it broke the still water of the bay.

Then he took a big draught of fresh air and looked around him. He was nearly a hundred feet from the Carstairs, and he heard "old Tasker" swearing and bellowing some commands to the boat.

Turning his head in the direction of the shore he saw, not twenty feet distant, the boat which he judged had been put out after him. The men were lying on their oars and the officer in the stern was standing up with his back toward him, scanning the bay around him.

It was evident they had not yet detected him. They were looking in every direction but the right one. But it was equally evident to Larry that he could not hope to pass them and get to shore, his only place of refuge, without being seen, when his capture would be only a matter of a short time. The night was dark, but there was a good deal of phosphorescence in the water and his movements would show him to them very speedily. Swimming under water for that distance was beyond even him, and he was an excellent swimmer.

As the boat lay there, not moving except for a slight rocking, and he saw them all looking away from him, an idea came to Larry which made him silently sink his head below the water again and strike out under water toward his pursuers.

A few strokes and he allowed himself to rise very gradually. Everything depended upon how accurately he had judged the distance between his first position and the boat. If he had gone three feet too little or too much his capture was insured. What he wanted—what he must do—was to come up immediately under the stern of the boat.

Presently, just as he thought his head would come above the surface of the water, he felt something hard over him, and, reaching up, he touched the boat's bottom. With a little maneuvering he moved backward and felt his head rise above the water. He was just under the counter of the boat.

"Let her go on there!" a voice growled overhead, and Larry thrust one arm forward and down and grasped the keel; the other arm he bent above his head against the sternmost part of the counter to fend himself off with.

As he lay his position was not an easy one, but he thought he could retain it for a time. His body sloped astern, entirely covered by water, so that only his head and part of his shoulders which were concealed by the boat's overhang, were above the surface.

The boat started ahead slowly and—Larry thanked his stars—toward shore. For awhile they patrolled parallel with the water front and he had to hang on and hope they would come a little nearer to the wharves.

He was beginning to get very tired. He had nothing to grasp which afforded him any good hold and his fingers were becoming numb. The water swirled and rushed past his head, but it was evident the trifling noise it made was not heard by those above him.

Presently the boat turned toward shore. In a minute or so he saw the dark outline of one of the bulkheads of the piers. He glanced at the water intervening. There was about two hundred feet between him and the shore. He made up his mind to try it.

Once again he sank, having taken a long breath, and made for the shore under water. By and by he had come to the surface again.

The instant his head broke the water there was a yell from out in the river. They had discovered him, he knew. But they were nearly a hundred feet away and he had not more than that to cover in order to be safe.

He went at it arm over arm. He had never known before how fast he could swim. They gained on him but Larry kept it up. When he reached the pier he dived under the stringer piece and his pursuers halted. They couldn't follow him there.

A couple of minutes later a figure appeared on the wharf. It was Larry.

The men in the boat saw him shake his fist at them and then move quickly away. The second mate's heart quaked as he thought of the reception "Old Tasker" would give him when he came back empty-handed. And Larry went off to his lodgings, well satisfied with the outcome of his adventure, notwithstanding it had given him the most unpleasant experience of his life of danger and hardship.—Francis C. Williams, in Detroit Free Press.

A Costly Amulet.

One of the most precious and beautiful amulets of history is that of which Moncure D. Conway tells us. It was a treasure from the past, owned by the Emperor Louis Napoleon III. It was set with a blaze of precious stones, the gift of many princes. It descended to the prince imperial, who wore it as a watch charm. He wore it when he was killed among the Zulus, and it is gone no one knows where. Ah! if he had but known the rules of amulet wearing among those people and had worn it about his neck! No matter how costly it was, it would then have been left untouched. The dead of battle may be stripped of every garment or ornament but that about the neck.

—A Funny Fire.—Burlesque—"I saw a bookstore burn yesterday. It was one of the funniest sights in the world to see the firemen watering all those books." Bookworm—"To me, sir, it seems like sacrilege. Why did it strike you as funny?" Burlesque—"It was a pun." Bookworm—"A pun! I do not understand." Burlesque—"Yes, a pun, for it was a play upon words."—Mail and Express.

—Its Feminine Gender.—Bloobumper—"You know that five-dollar bill you saw Hunker pay me yesterday?" Spatts—"Yes." "I lost her within half an hour." "Why do you apply the feminine pronoun to it?" "Because money talks."—Detroit Free Press.

A LION TAMER.

Observations of a Man Who Subdues Wild Beasts.

How He Came to Adopt His Dangerous Profession—The Nature of Lions and How They Are Taught to Perform.

"No, everyone cannot be a lion-tamer, neither can every lion be tamed."

Col. Boone—big Col. Daniel Boone, once of the confederate army, for many years superintendent of the National Zoological gardens of Peru, and at one time military instructor in the Peruvian army—was talking about lion-taming. He had just finished an exhibition with his trained beasts in the theater near by. In one corner of the round performing cage the great cats had slept until the colonel's step on the floor waked them—slept much as house cats sleep, rolled together gracefully, their paws intertwining and their heads thrown backward for comfort.

At the word of command the lions roused themselves, and after a glance at their master they sprang to their feet, crowding on each other's heels in their frightened haste to escape from their sleeping pen into the performing ring. Then they went through their tricks while the band played, and the audience kept very still. Only once did the people applaud, and that was when the trainer's assistant drew her head from the mouth of the ugly, snarling lioness. But all was quickly stilled when the colonel threw himself full length on the floor and rolled and played with the biggest of the lions as though he had been a schoolboy and the lion a dog. Had one of the brutes chosen at that moment to vent the rage that he really felt against his master, in one quick blow of his great paw—but he didn't.

"I knew he wouldn't when I lay down," said the trainer afterward; "otherwise I should never have lain down. I can tell, of course, whether it is safe to begin my performance or not. There are ways of knowing. I shall tell you later on. There was once, though, when I went through a performance without that knowledge. It was shortly after the close of the war. I was living in Lynchburg, Va., with my folks and was trying to repair the family estate by dealing in tobacco. Costello's circus came to town one day. Among the performers was Herr Engel, who was killed by a tiger the next year in Hayti, a great tiger trainer in his day. He had a cage of trained tigers. After the show, in the village hotel I met him, and he asked me if I was afraid of tigers. I said I was not.

"'Have you ever handled tigers?' he asked.

"'About six hundred of them,' I replied. I had been colonel of the Louisiana Tigers.

"This talk led to a foolish wager that on the next day, which was Sunday, I should go into the tigers' den. The next morning I met my friends, and they asked me whether I was going to go into the cage.

"'Of course,' I said, but I really had forgotten all about it. We picked up Herr Engel somewhere and went down to the barn where the cages were stored over night preparatory to moving to the next town.

"'You're not going into that cage,' said one. 'Better look pleasant and pay your bet.'

"I said that I would follow the trainer, and follow him I did. He first put on a big linen duster, and taking his whip he sprang through the door and put the brutes through their paces. When he came out I put on the duster, took the whip and leaped into the cage like a whirlwind. I yelled at the frightened tigers, beat them right and left, and sent them cowering into their corners. The trainer and my friends stood dumb with amazement.

"'Give me the hoop,' I called out. 'I'll go through the whole show.'

"'You'll come out at once—that's what you'll do!' shouted Engel. 'You've risked enough for one day.'

"That is the way I became an animal trainer. I have been in the business here, in South America, Europe and Africa ever since."

"You say everyone can't be a lion trainer?"

"And everyone can't. It doesn't take courage alone. Take, for instance, my man Carl, who has been with Hagenbeck in Hamburg since he was a baby, and I have had him fifteen years. He can do everything with my lions but make them perform. He sweeps out their cage half a dozen times a day, and he feeds them and caresses them. They will run away from him and come to him, but they would not act for him. A man must have a peculiar knack which I cannot explain to make him a trainer. Only one lion out of three can be trained. You can't make an acrobat out of every boy who goes into a gymnasium, can you? I have caught some lions in Algeria, but all that I have now I bought. Most of them came from the show that went to pieces in Cincinnati. None of the brutes were tamed, even; short time to make my selection, but I didn't require all of that. It is easier to pick out a lion that can be tamed than a man who can be taught a trade."

"How so?"

"Simply by knowing a lion's nature and putting it to a test. I walk up to the cage where Mr. Lion sits. I hit the bars with my whip and make pretense of putting my hands between them. If the lion throws himself against the irons with a great spring and a roar I know that he is all right. If he sulks in one corner or comes up to the bars quietly, like a cat coming upon a mouse, I do not want him. The noisy lion is a bluffer. He makes his bluff when he makes his spring. The quiet lion is treacherous. All lions are cowards. When I go into the cage where my noisy lion is and fire off a few blank cartridges from my revolver and beat him a few times over his nose with my whip he growls, dances and then slinks away, saying to himself: 'What on earth does all this mean? I thought that I had that man scared to death. I guess that I ain't so frightening as I thought I was.' The bluffer can be tamed sufficiently to let me go into the cage without danger in a week's time, but there is never any safety with a sneak lion.

"Another thing. The lion must be not over two years old and he must be straight-backed and strong. A weak lion breaks down very quickly during training. Such a brute is worth from one thousand to fifteen hundred dollars untrained. When he is trained he is worth from three thousand to five thousand dollars, and sometimes more. It takes several years to train lions perfectly. The first step is to show them that I am the master. Next I teach them that I do not intend to hurt them unless they disobey me. I begin caressing them with the end of my whip, and I do it gently. It is not safe to venture with your hand at first. After this, which takes weeks and even months sometimes, I teach them to take food from my hands. When a lion disobeys I punish him, but I do it with judgment. There is a point beyond which it is dangerous to go. My left arm has no muscles from the elbow up. I whipped a lion one blow too many in Quito, Chili. If his teeth had not been worn with age I would not be alive to-day.

"When a lion crouches down, and his eyes turn green, and his tail stops waving from side to side and merely wiggles at the end like the rattles on a rattler, look out. I stop then and give him a chance to quiet down. Sometimes I call assistance or do anything that I can to distract his attention from me, and then I escape."

"What is the easiest trick to teach a lion?"

"After getting him to come to me at command, to make him lie down. You can't throw a lion on his side with your hands as you would throw a dog in training it. After this, mounting a chair or pedestal is the easiest. But all this takes months of daily work—patient work. Never give up; that is the lion trainer's motto.

"In making a lion mount a chair I generally put his meat on the seat and accustom him to eat it from there. Then by degrees I coax him to put one paw on the chair. When he has done this I pet him. In the course of time I induce him to put both fore paws on the chair. Now comes the struggle. He does not want to put up his hind feet. I force him to do this by tapping them with my whip until he hops up to avoid punishment. When he has once learned what I want him to do I have little trouble with him. But all this takes time."

"I suppose the hardest trick is putting your head in the lion's mouth?"

"On the contrary, it is one of the easiest and safest. I hold the mouth open with both hands, and I can feel the least attempt to bring the jaws together with my fingers. This gives me a chance to withdraw my head in time. It is well, however, to know your beast pretty thoroughly before trying it. After I have once taught a lion a trick he never forgets it, and each time he does it easier than before. The hardest trick is to drive a lion in a chariot. I have sometimes worked for years to teach that. After I have the harness adjusted, which takes months, I jump into the chariot and trust to Providence. The lion dashes away like the wind, and never stops until he is winded. It's a lively race, I tell you, and must be repeated hundreds of times before I can rely on the steed to submit to a public exhibition.

"Another hard trick is the see-saw. I worked for a year before I taught Parnell to crawl backward up the plank and allow himself to be jolted up and down. When the plank, which rests in the center on a low pedestal, is at rest, one end touches the floor. I first forced the lion to turn his back to the plank. Then I tapped him on the nose and on the fore paws until he backed away from me to escape. To get him to go up the plank without leaving it and running away required almost endless patience. When he had backed as far as the center of the plank the board was of course level, and parallel with the floor. As Parnell kept on backing, the further end of the board slowly came down to the floor, and he found himself going down hill. He didn't like this. When he reached the end his part of the work was done. Then I had to teach his mate to jump up on the raised end facing Parnell. This brought the board to a level again. I teeter-tottered them up and down by having my trained dog step from one side to the other of the center of the plank."

"How about taming a lion by looking into his eyes?"

"You might as well tame him by fixing your eyes on his tail. I look into my lion's eyes to see what the expression may be. There is where I find the danger signal. If the signal says 'go ahead' then I can turn my back on Mr. Lion and go ahead safely. I never turn my back on him, however, within reach of his paws outside of the bars. Inside the cage I am master, but if I turn my back when I am outside and am within reach I court instant death. Female and male lions should not be kept together. The lions are more tractable when they are alone. The average lion lives fourteen years in captivity, but performing lions sometimes die younger. Tigers are more manageable than lions when once trained, but they are harder to train and make less spirited performers."—N. Y. Sun.

Salaries of Boy Singers.

The salary of a boy singer begins at forty dollars and is gradually raised from year to year according as he displays ability until he receives as much as three or four hundred dollars a year. The salaries of men singers vary greatly, because some churches are very poor and cannot afford to pay so much; they range all the way from one hundred dollars a year to one thousand dollars. Once in awhile a very superior solo singer will receive twelve hundred dollars a year. Rehearsals are held three or four times a week in the morning. I have kept a record, says a writer in the New York Epoch, of all the choristers who have ever been connected with Trinity church for the past twenty-one years. We have employed one hundred and seventy-two boys in that time and their average stay has been about five years. The love of the choral service seems to grow upon those who take part in it, not only in boys but in men.

About Tuning Instruments.

It has often puzzled the uninitiated to give a reason why musicians tune their instruments in public and not before they enter the orchestra. If they tuned their instruments before entering the theater or concert room the temperature is very apt to be different in the place of performance, and therefore the instruments would not be in tune. A piano that is in tune in a cold room would get out of tune if the room were suddenly heated.

THE DEACON'S MEETING.

How a Soul Received New Light and Inspiration.

"There, there! Somebody's a-knockin', Jotham. Do you hear? There's somebody a-comin' in."

"Let 'em come, blast it all! Don't you suppose I've got ears as well as you?"

There was a heavy foot on the scraper, then a vigorous rustling of the braided husk door-mat and Reny's second appeal was in a whisper.

"Oh, Jotham! Don't! I'll have it put back; I'll do anything, if you'll take that thing off and not make yourself ridiculous."

"Mind your business," growled the man addressed, and he drew up still closer around his shoulders the faded print bed-quilt in which he had wrapped himself, and tucked the buffalo robe tighter still into the arms of his rocking-chair and about his knees.

There were only two seasons in Mrs. Dea Crabbe's household. The transition of summer to winter was marked by domestic rather than solar movements. On the first day of May, unless that fell upon a Sunday, the good woman's kitchen stove was moved into the shed, the rag carpet, which had hung suspended on a pole in the attic all winter, was tacked down in its place, chairs, tables and lounges crossed over and exchanged partners, and after a lively dance settled themselves down into their regular summer relations to the points of compass. After that warm weather was in order. If a belated chill ventured to make itself felt in the atmosphere, it was stoically ignored so far as the old lady herself was concerned. Her husband, who had always been, in his private home life, somewhat inconveniently left-handed in his disposition, grumbled out a few emphatic denunciations from his secular vocabulary—for he was a church deacon, and had his prayer-meeting phraseology as well—and then quieted down into summer routine, and knew from the transition that it was time to plant corn, beans and cabbages. He never had taken on in this fashion before. Perhaps he was getting rheumatic. Reny was just thinking over the respective curative properties of the herbs in the attic when the visitor entered.

It was the round, weather-beaten face of Sam Tooley, the stage driver, that appeared in the door. He took out the red cotton bandanna with which he was wont to muffle the trumpet blast from his nose, and after this little ceremony of salute he carelessly diffused his loosely-hung members on the nearest chair.

"Well, deacon," said Sam, surveying the old man's wrappings with a quizzical air, "be ye to hum, or be ye gone to bed, or be ye out ridin'? I hoped, for the prosperity of Zion, that I should find ye to hum, 'cause you've got ter preach to-morrow. Dea Turner says so. He wanted me to tell ye that Parson Peters didn't come up to-night."

Sam was one of the most righteous of sinners. He was as upright as a saint in his dealings and as flippant as a scoffer in his speech.

"So, you see, you'd better be a castin' off the robe of your own righteousness—kind o' patch-work, ain't it?"—and Sam drew up nearer and caught hold of the corner of the bed quilt for closer inspection—"and a puttin' on the whole armor o' God. You must anoint yer feet and wash yer head and take the shield of faith and the sword of the spirit and go at 'em, hammer an' tongs. Tell 'em they're a wicked and perverse generation, and it's the Lord's marcy they ain't consumed. Reel off a list o' their sins to 'em. 'Twon't hurt 'em none. Tell 'Bijah Davis that he'll pray like all possessed in the prayer meetin', and he's been a owin' me for hay nigh on ter three years and I can't git a cent. An' Joe Joslyn'll grind out texts o' Scripture as he grinds out corn in his mill, but he'll go right home and take three times the toll he'd ought ter.

"And the women'll whine out prayers, as women allus will when they pray in meetin', and end up with a pious snuffle, an' then on their way home they'll tell a stream of lies about their neighbors big enough to carry a sawmill. I tell ye we ought ter have a few more deacons appointed to go round and look into the private lives o' these church members."

Sam paused with a look of serious concern on his face as he meditatively twirled his thumbs. The old clock never ticked so loud.

"An' then there's Christy Jones—she'll squeal out a sky-splittin' psalm about the Lord's marcy bein' everlastin' an' to all generations, when she's sent her old bed-ridden mother off to the poorhouse sos't she can be free to spin street yarn. Wilbur Brown, he's another of them church fellers. Everybody knows that he starved them two-year-old critters of his'n till they couldn't stan' up, he's so 'fraid he'd have to buy hay 'fore spring. An' then the young folks—they take to the creed an' covenant mighty easy when them revival fellers come round, but they're an awful ungodly lot for all that.

"Now that's the way I'd preach to 'em, deacon. I'd tell 'em what's what, and say 'amen' and 'everlastin'' and git off the benediction and the doxology to wind it up with, strong, and then I'd let 'em go home and think on't."

And Sam began to collect his scattered members as if about to rise and depart.

"Set still, Sam," said the deacon, who appeared to ignore the fact that his bed quilt and buffalo were sliding down to the floor. But Sam would not let him shed the skin of his disgrace and rise into his manhood on the sly.

"Your things are a gittin' off, here," he said, as he jumped up and readjusted them with remorseless dexterity. "I'm afraid the wind 'll git in round your feet; I'll tuck this up a little tighter."

"Sam, I understand you," said the deacon, and the grim jaw which had snapped together like a vice after his thunder blasts to Reny an hour before, began to relax its firmness a little. "I see clear through you and you see clear through me. I know that next time you make out a catalogue of the sins of the church members you'll put my name at the head of the list. You'll tell how I've been a deacon for thirty years, and have been so ugly to home that my oldest boy ran away and went to sea, and t'other one went to Alaska to git just as far away from me as he could, and my gal threw herself away marryin' a good-for-nuthin' feller, to have a home of her own, and that my wife' all broke down with her trouble. Sam, you'll lay it on thick, and I shan't blame ye none, neither."

The deacon jumped up, picked up his fallen mantles and passed them over to his wife, saying, in a voice whose gentleness startled her: "Here, Reny, you'll oblige me by foldin' these up and puttin' 'em away. I shan't want 'em no more. It's growin' a leetle warmer. Yes, Sam, you may tell Dea Turner I'll take charge of the meetin' to-morrer."

"All right, deacon, you'll do fust rate, I don't doubt. Everybody knows you've got more ability than any other man in the parish."

"An' hold on, Sam. I don't want none o' yer soft soap 'bout 'ability,' but I do want you to come to-morrow an' hear me. I've got a special reason."

"By George! I will! I've had a new meetin' coat for most a year, an' there haint nobody asked me to wear it. Now's my chance. I'll be there."

A deacon's meeting in the town of Peachblow had never been a very wildly exciting occasion, and such services were thinly attended, but it was understood that a brand-new candidate, Parson Peters, was to set forth his claims to orthodox soundness that day—and soundness in doctrine was a far more potent key to the kingdom than soundness in living, in the Peachblow estimation of values—and all the inhabitants had turned out to hear him. Their disappointment was not very well concealed. The deacon saw it and felt it as he gave out the opening hymn, but he had anticipated it and was strong in his purpose. The Scriptures were read, the prayers offered, the notices given, and again the deacon cleared his throat and rose upon the low platform in front of the pulpit. He had no book of sermons from which to read.

"My friends," he said, and his voice had a slight tremor, "I've been a deacon for thirty years. I've prayed within these walls for the outpourin' of the Spirit, for the upbuildin' of the church, for the spread of the gospel, for the conversion of sinners and for the sanctification of believers. Now I want to ask ye all to pray for me—for the salvation of my soul. I've been a deceivin' myself, and I ain't got one claim to bein' called a child o' God. I've really cared a great deal more for the clearin' up o' my farm than I have for the purifyin' of the church. I've all along been willin' to do more an' go further for the carryin' out of my own [illegible] than I have for the spreadin' of the gospel. I've prayed for the outpourin' of the Spirit, and I've been a shuttin' my heart against it all the while. When it told me I was a doin' wrong I said 'twas other folks, and not me. When it told me I wa'n't actin' a Christian, I thought back o' the time when I see a kind of a light, and heard somethin' speak to me when there wan't nobody round, and I was sure that was conversion, and as for stayin' converted, I wa'n't no Methodist. I'd always heard say it was dishonorin' to God not to believe that He'd keep a grip on a man when He once got it. And so here I be, an obstinate, selfish, worldly old man that my own children can't live with," and something very like a sob choked further utterance. "Brethren, pray for me," at last he gasped, and sat down.

There was a prolonged silence. The surprise, the sympathetic mood of self-accusation, the awakening voice of conscience in each heart produced deep impressions. No soul felt itself pure enough to respond to the pathetic appeal.

At length the other deacon arose, read a few verses from the Fifty-first Psalm and pronounced the meeting closed. A business meeting was held during the week at which Dea Crabbe insisted upon resigning his office, and in recommending as his successor a quiet young man whose life of self-denial and loving sacrifice for his invalid parents had won the love and confidence of all.

The spirit of self condemnation went round. There had been no such deep spiritual earnestness manifested in the parish for years. Little comment was ever heard upon the deacon's words. All knew that as much might be said of their own fruitless lives. There was a humble seriousness, a faithful effort at quiet righteous living, that had not been known in all the history of the church, and yet there was no revival and no extra meetings. When people accuse each other there is a rebound of resistance which foils all attempts at lasting impressions, but when one's own heart and conscience are the accusers there is none to rise up and defend, and the voice must be heard.

"Well, Reny," said the deacon, a twelve-month later, "it's the first of May, ain't it? Do you want I should help move the things before I go out to work?"

"No, Jotham. I was just a-thinkin' we'd better wait a fortnight later. We may have some more cold weather yet."—Julina O. Hall, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

A Monarch Who Has Abandoned All His Possessions.

Milan, the former king of Servia, occupies at the present moment the most extraordinary position which it is possible to conceive, says the New York Recorder. He has abandoned not only all his rights as a member of the reigning house of Servia, as well as his property, honors, and dignities in the kingdom, but he has even renounced his citizenship and undertaken never again to set his foot in the country. There is some talk of his becoming naturalized as a Russian, but he has not done so yet, and accordingly he is just now without any nationality or civil status of any kind. He is without what the French describe as an etat civil, and is, to all intents and purposes, an outlaw, since he possesses no legal rights of any kind whatsoever. He is the most homeless and abandoned of creatures, and his position is so abnormal that the emperor of Austria has deemed it necessary to deprive him of the honorary colonelship of the Austrian regiment of infantry which he has hitherto held and to remove his name from the Austrian army list. It is the first time that a king has ever placed himself in such a predicament as that of the ex-monarch of Servia, and it is to be hoped that it will not constitute a precedent.

—"Just think of it," communed the anarchist with himself. "I find a nickel in the street and two seconds afterwards I find a saloon. Some men are born lucky."—Fliegende Blatter.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - - JULY 29, 1892.

Democratic National Ticket.

For President,
GROVER CLEVELAND, New York.
For Vice-President,
ADLAI STEVENSON, Illinois.

Democratic State Ticket.

For Congressman at Large.
GEORGE A. ALLEN, Erie.
THOMAS P. MERRITT, Berks.

For Supreme Judge.
CRISTOPHER HEYDRICK, Venango.

For Electors at Large.
MORTIMER F. ELLIOTT, Tioga.
JNO. C. BULLITT, Philadelphia.
THOMAS B. KENNEDY, Franklin.
DAVID T. WILSON, Allegheny.

For District Electors.

Samuel G. Thompson,
Adam S. Conway,
W. Redwood Wright,
John O. James,
James Duffey,
S. W. Trimmer,
Azar Lathrop,
Thomas Chalfant,
P. H. Strubinger,
Joseph D. Orr,
Andrew A. Payton,
Michael Liebel,
J. K. P. Hall.
Clement R. Wainright,
Charles H. Lafferty,
George R. Guss,
William Molan,
Charles D. Breck,
Samuel S. Leiby,
F. C. Bipple,
W. D. Hummelright,
H. B. Piper,
Charles A. Fagan,
John D. Braden,
Thomas McDowell,

Democratic County Ticket.

For Congress,
L. D. WOODRUFF.
(Subject to the Decision of the Democratic Congressional Conference.)
For Senate,
GEORGE E. CONRAD.
(Subject to the Decision of the Democratic Senatorial Conference.)
For Assembly,
S. W. ALLEN.
JAMES J. THOMAS.
For Prothonotary,
J. C. DARBY.
For Register and Recorder,
D. A. McGOUGH.
For District Attorney,
F. J. O'CONNOR.
For Poorhouse Director,
RAPHAEL HITE.
For Surveyor,
H. SCANLAN.

THE extreme hot weather has had no effect on the coolness between Mr. Harrison and Mr. Quay.

THE Reading Iron Company's two blast furnaces will go out of operation indefinitely. Nearly 150 men were employed.

THE Republican National Chairman, Carter, has resigned the position of commissioner of the land office in order to devote his entire time to Mr. Harrison's campaign.

THIS will probably be the last week of the present Congress, unless there shall be a dead lock between the House and Senate on the World's Fair appropriation, and that is not regarded as probable.

THE fast United States cruiser Columbia, designed to be a commerce destroyer, and in this respect claimed to be the most formidible war vessel in the world, was successfully launched on Tuesday, at Cramp's shipyard, Philadelphia.

AN anti-Pinkerton law has been passed by the Massachusetts legislature and signed by Governor Russell. Non-residents cannot be called into the state by private individuals or corporations to assist in quelling disturbance or riots.

THE selection of William F. Harrity, of Philadelphia, as chairman of the Democratic national committee is a pointer that the campaign will be conducted with energy and vigor. Mr. Harrity is the right man in the right place.

FIFTEEN miners met their death by an explosion in a coal mine near Pottsville last Saturday morning. There were sixteen men in the mine at the time, and only one was rescued alive. Every building in the vicinity was shaken by the explosion.

THE steamship, City of Paris, arrived at New York on Wednesday from Liverpool, breaking the record for a western run by 33 minutes. The time was 5 days, 15 hours and 58 minutes. The best previous time was 5 days, 16 hours and 31 minutes, held by the Teutonic.

W. K. VANDERBILT's splendid yacht, Alva, was run down and sunk by the steamer Dimock early Sunday morning. The millionaire and his guests narrowly escaped with their lives and were taken on board the steamer in their night clothes. The yacht was at anchor in a dense fog off Nantucket shoals.

EVERY workingman should do all he can for the election of Mr. Cleveland, because his election means popular government, the equality of men and an end to the false conditions which make Carnegies possible and permit Pinkertonism to run riot. It means equal laws for equal men and an end of favors to the few.

JOHN W. RYON, the leading member of the Schuylkill county bar, has officially announced himself as an independent candidate for president judge of the courts of that county. Under the new election law Mr. Ryon was compelled to get 400 signatures to his nomination petition. The novelty of the procedure is attracting considerable attention.

THE lowest wages paid in this country for labor at all skilled are in industries having protection, and none of them pay more than the market rate for labor, while all strive to appropriate the entire tariff bounty to themselves and give workingmen no share. All ultra protectionists harp continually upon the alleged high wages paid by American protected manufacturers to their foreign imported laborers, but an examination of the pay rolls shows that the claim consists chiefly of imaginary money and that in point of fact they are the poorest paid laborers in the United States, and the more highly protected the factories are the less wages.

A REPUBLICAN contemporary, says the Harrisburg *Patriot*, is of the opinion that Harrison should be re-elected because it is always a good thing to let well enough alone.

"To let well enough alone" is the guiding idea of the Republican party, which it has never been able to cast aside. When the first objections to the war tariff were raised the party said "let well enough alone" and continued the villainous extortion. It demanded that well enough be let alone when Cleveland was about to stop pension thievery and expose the startling frauds that were practiced there and revived since his administration, but unknown outside the pension office. It said "let well enough alone" when the frauds in the naval department were ferreted out and when the Democratic party insisted that the people's money should be spent upon new vessels instead of upon repairing old hulks, in itself a gigantic piece of jobbery. It was satisfied with well enough during Grant's second term, probably the most corrupt in the country's history. In short there was never a time when scheming rascality was in danger of exposure that the Republican party did not ask that well enough be let alone.

That is Republican "well enough." Democrats are of opinion that the country's well enough period has not yet arrived and do not propose to "let it alone." The rascally thieving protected by the high tariff must be ended and the power of the thieves checked. It will be time enough then to talk about letting well enough alone.

SOME people, says the New York *World*, paid a very large amount of money to the government in 1892 in tariff taxes. The money was paid here by the the importers and was added to the price of the articles.

A great many cotton goods were imported. Their value was $29,142,000. The tax on them was $14,852,696. In other words, for a dollar's worth of cotton goods the importer paid about $1.50. If he made an average profit of 10 per cent. on his outlay the jobber paid at least $1.65. If the jobber made 15 per cent. the retailer paid about $1.90, and if he, in his turn, made 20 per cent. the man or woman who bought the goods for wearing apparel paid $2.28 for a dollar's worth of cotton goods.

Of woolen goods $43,000,000 worth were imported, and on them the government collected a tax of $35,000,000, or about 80 per cent. Therefore the importer paid $1.80 for every dollar's worth of woolens, and if the various dealers made the average profits assumed above the consumer paid for his dollar's worth of woolen $2.70.

Tariff taxes grow until the consumer finally pays them. The consumer's tax on cottons, in the case supposed, would be 128 per cent., 78 more than the importer's; his tax on woolens would be 170 per cent., or 90 more than the importer's

This is what a tariff tax signifies to the consumer of cottons and woolen goods.

GENERAL STEVENSON, the Democratic candidate for Vice President, dealt in facts when he said that strikes against wage reduction illustrated a "protection" that doesn't protect. At least it does not protect the wage earner, however much it may promote the gains of the men who put their capital in manufactures.

And while General Stevenson says that this bogus protection does not protect so far as wages are concerned, his own example in industrial operations furnishes an illustration of what does protect wages and prevent strikes. It is fair and liberal treatment of the workmen that has this effect. The General employs 500 men in mining operations, and he has never had a strike or a disagreement with them on the subject of wages.

When employers, who are themselves enjoying the benefit of protection, act in an illiberal manner in not giving their working people a just share of its benefit, strikes may be expected to attain such a kind of protection.

THE board of pardons of Pennsylvania, says the Altoona *Tribune*, seems to be composed of gentlemen who are the owners of very tender hearts. Under their administration it will soon come to pass that hanging is played out in this commonwealth. Latterly we have the death sentence of a young man who murdered a policeman over in Clinton county, commuted to imprisonment for life. Still more recently we have a cowardly scoundrel who deliberately murdered a defenseless man at Ebensburg, also saved from the scaffold by the interference of this benevolent board and sent to the penitentiary for life. We are not much in love with the death penalty. Perhaps crime will decrease when it is abolished. But so long as the law provides for the execution of men who commit murder with malice aforethought, we think the board of pardons should not set aside the law. It is a bad example.

PRIVATE IAMS, who was tied up by the thumbs at Homestead for calling for "three cheers jor the man who shot Frick," do doubt deserved to be punished but the manner of his punishment is a relic of barbarism and a disgrace to the state. The officers who ordered and approved of the method of punishment are filling positions far beyond their mental capacity. Iams is evidently a fool, but if the fool killer gets to work at Homestead there will be several vacancies for Governor Pattison to fill among the commissioned officers.

EIGHTEEN thousand persons attended Madison Square Garden, in New York, on Wednesday night last week, to witness the ceremonies of notifying Grover Cleveland and Adlai E. Stevenson of their nomination for president and vice president by the Democratic party.

Washington Letter.

WASHINGTON, D. C. July 22nd, 1892.
Mr. Harrison is still keeping up his war on the men who dared to oppose his nomination at Minneapolis, and this week, turned his attention to "Saint Matthew" Quay, as the junior Senator from Pennsylvania has been called since he made his scriptural quotations in favor of closing the World's Fair on Sunday, and by nominating George Shiras, Jr., of Pittsburg, Pa., to the vacancy on the bench of the United States Supreme court he gave the saintly Matthew a knockdown blow that may sadly dissarrange his halo.

Mr. Shiras owes his good fortune to the fact that Quay had a candidate for the place and that he tried to make his friend's nomination the price of his cordial support of Harrison. It may be that it was because Mr. Harrison thought Quay's opposition more desirable than his support that he declined to nominate his man and sent for Representative Dalzell, whose enmity to Quay everybody knows, and told him that he might try his hand at naming a man for the vacancy, or it may have been from some other cause; at any rate that is what he did, and finding that Mr. Shiras, who was named by Dalzell, was a lawyer of good standing at the Pennsylvania bar and that he was endorsed by some prominent people of his own and other states, Mr. Harrison nominated him, without being personally acquainted with or having even met him. Quay isn't saying anything against the nomination, but he will get revenge if he ever gets an opportunity, while his less crafty colleague, Cameron, is openly kicking.

Although the House by a vote of 122 to 110 refused to concur in the Senate amendment to the Sundry civil appropriation bill appropriating $5,000,000 to the World's Fair, it is expected that it will in the end agree to the appropriation, although it may not be exactly in the shape of the Senate amendment. The World's Fair officials now here, are doing much more real kicking about the amendment, which has been adopted by both House and Senate prohibiting the opening of any part of the World's Fair on Sunday, than they are about the temporary defeat of the appropriation amendment, and they will make as strong a fight before the conference committee to have the Sunday amendment struck out of the bill as they will to have the appropriation amendment put back, but the chance of success is hardly as good in the first as in the last.

Democrats are asking each other how it is that ex-Senator Mahone, the notorious Republican lobbyist, has been able to control the votes of such Democrats as Senators Vest, Butler and Blackburn whenever the question of purchasing a site for a new government printing office comes up. Mahone owns a piece of ground which he is trying to get purchased for that purpose, and although he has not yet succeeded, he has, with the aid of the Senators named and others, succeeded in preventing the purchase of other and more eligible sites. Democratic Senators do not enhance their own reputations by helping such men as Mahone in anything.

Representative O'Neill, of Missouri, succeeded in getting an amendment to the Sundry civil bill adopted by the House which, if it is not struck out in conference, will prevent the employment of Pinkerton men at the coming G. A. R. encampment in this city, and at the World's Fair.

Col. Oates' investigation committee had several Pinkerton men before it yesterday, but their testimony concerning their presence at Homestead and the fight did not differ materially from what has already been published. The committee will present a report as far as it has gone in the investigation in a few days, and will continue its work during the recess.

Quite a number of Democratic Congressmen went over to New York to take part in the Cleveland and Stevenson notification jubilee, Wednesday night and they agree to a man in saying that Tammany is already actively at work for the ticket, and determined to carry New York city by a larger majority than ever. They also agree in saying that the meeting at Madison Square garden was the most immense affair of the kind ever held.

Mr. Harrison offended Senator Proctor when he nominated Col. Eugene A. Carr, of the sixth cavalry, to be brigadier general, the colonel when secretary of war having promised the next vacancy to another colonel. Promises do not count with Mr. Harrison when they conflict with his having his own way.

Representative Outhwaite, of Ohio, made an exposure on the floor of the House, this week, that may result very unpleasantly to Allen Rutherford, a local claim agent, who has been sending letters to parties interested in the bill for the relief of the hospital service, demanding pay for having had the bill passed. Mr. Outhwaite says the man is liable to arrest for using the mails for fraudulent purposes as well as for obtaining money under false pretenses.

M.

Released on Bail.

PITTSBURG, July 25.—A large crowd was present this morning in the criminal court room to hear the decision of Judge Magee on the application of Hugh O'Donnell, the Homestead strike leader for his release on bail. O'Donnell was less nervous than during his hearing and seemed to be confident of his release.

O'Donnell, Ross, Foy and Allen were brought into court at 9.35. Judge Magee said: "I have gone over the case carefully. The evidence shows the defendant was not an active participant in the killing. It shows he was in sympathy with the crowd, and he, by his idle standing by, is responsible for the acts. I do not think there is any doubt about the right of the prisoners to be bailed, and will fix it at $10,000. The way it stands he is chargeable with murder in the second degree."

District Attorney Burleigh—Under your honor's ruling we are content that the other defendants be admitted in the same bail.

The court then proceeded to accept bail for the defendants.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., July 26.—Major J. H. Winn, a farmer living near a small town called Burns, about 40 miles from this city Monday night murdered his wife and step-daughter with an ax, mutilating them most horribly. He then went to his son's house, two miles away, and there attempted to take his own life with a dirk. He inflicted a deep wound in the neck, but it will not prove fatal.

There has been frequent disagreements and quarrels among the children of the couple, which were by previous marriages, and this bred discord between husband and wife. Last night's tragedy was no doubt the culmination of these troubles.

The Great Strike.

Absolutely fair, impartial without any bias—but giving every detail of interest promptly and correctly. The finest illustrations, giving the real situations. Read the Pittsburg *Dispatch*.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

H. C. Frick, Shot.

Henry Clay Frick, the executive head of the Carnegie firms, lies at his home, twice shot and twice stabbed, by a Russian Hebrew Nihilist named Alexander Berkmann, now a resident of New York.

The attack was made upon Mr. Frick at 1:45 o'clock, Saturday afternoon. The assassin secured admission under the guise of a New York employment agent. Just inside the entrance to the private office he fired two shots, one into either side of the back of Mr. Frick's skull. Then the man twice plunged a long dagger into the chairman's side.

Mr. Frick never lost his presence of mind. Vice Chairman Leishman rushed to his assistance. Though Mr. Frick had then been pierced by two pistol balls, he forgot his wounds in the danger of his partner, and rushing up he received in his own side the dagger point intended for his partner. And even when the assassin was thrown down he interfered and saved the life of his would-be assassin.

The tragedy occurred in Mr. Frick's office, and many people saw the affair from the street. Berkmann, the assassin, had tried twice before to see Frick. He told the employes that he was the representative of an employment bureau. He entered the room, and, pointing the revolver at Frick, pulled the trigger. The second attempt was more successful and the ball, a 38-calibre, struck Mr. Frick in the neck. The wounded man turned round and was again shot, the second bullet taking effect below the base of the brain. Vice Chairman Leishman, now dashed forward toward the murderer and seized his wrist. Frick, wounded as he was, grasped the man, and he and Fleishman bore him to the floor. As soon as Mr. Fleishmann released the assassin's right wrist Berkmann pulled a dirk knife and plunged it into Frick time and again. At this Deputy Sheriff May rushed into the room and placed a revolver against Berkmann's head. Frick immediately cried, "don't do that." Don't kill him. Just get him away from here," and pushed aside the sheriff's revolver. The assassin was then taken to prison, where he was examined when it was found he had a dynamite cartridge in his mouth and one in his pocket. His intention evidently being to blow himself up. Berkmann is a slender built fellow about 22 years of age, and is said to be a Russian Jew, and a Nihilist. He refuses to talk or give any explanation of his dastardly attempt on the life of Frick.

Dr. Litchfield, Dr. Tindle and Dr. Joseph Dixon had been called in before 3 o'clock. They cut the bullet out of Mr. Frick's back and dressed his wounds. He did not become unconscious at any time. He refused to take any anesthetics. After the operation he took an opiate and fell into a deep sleep. This lasted until evening, when he awoke and assured his friends that he was feeling well. Mr. Frick was taken to his home at Homewood in the evening.

The doctors say that unless some unforseen complication occurs, Mr. Frick is almost certain to recover.

Willing to Arbitrate.

PITTSBURG, July 26.—Three car loads of non-union men, in all about 150, arrived from the east this morning and were taken at once to the Homestead plant. Secretary Lovejoy says there are now about 600 men at work, with accessions to the force daily. The firm anticipates but comparatively little difficulty in operating the mill full blast in a shorter time than at first seemed probable. Everything is quiet at the other plants and no effort will be made to resume until Homestead is supplied with a full complement of men.

The Homestead workmen have taken the first steps to have their trouble settled by the methods suggested by the voluntery arbitration act of 1883.

W. J. Brennen, the attorney for the workmen, said this afternoon that a petition has been in circulation among the local workmen since last Friday. Mr. Brennen said: "It is necessary that the employes of five firms should sign the petition to have the county court appoint a tribunal of arbitration. Of course the assent of the Carnegie Steel company is necessary before the court can act in the matter, but we shall do our part.

Killed by a Spring Gun.

Jack Cooley, one of the notorious Cooley gang, was shot Thursday night while attempting to break into Thomas Collier's milk-house, near Fairchance, Fayette county, and died from the wounds Saturday morning. Jack Cooley in company with his brother Frank and Jack Ramsey, were trying to effect an entrance into the milk house when the accident occurred.

When Jack forced the door open, the gun which Mr. Collier had placed inside as a trap for thieves was discharged, and the load of buckshot struck Cooley in the abdomen. The wounded desperado was picked up by his comrades and carried to his father's home, three miles away.

When the gun was discharged the thieves thought they had fallen into the hands of the sheriff and his posse. Without waiting to return the fire shot they picked up the wounded man and bore him to his home. The Cooleys threaten to have revenge on Collier. The sheriff and a posse is hunting the other members of the Cooley gang.

When the news of the shooting of Mr. Frick reached Homestead on Saturday afternoon private Iams shouted: "Three cheers for the man who shot Frick." He was arrested, placed in the guard house, and a court martial soon found him guilty. He was strung up for twenty minutes, his toes barely touching the ground, and then became unconscious, when he was cut down. On Sunday his hair on the right side of his head an face was shaven off, his uniform and arms were taken from him, and clad in a tattered suit of clothes he was drummed out of camp in regular military style. This punishment carried with it a dishonorable discharge from the guard, a prohibition from ever after enlisting in the United States army, and disfranchises him from voting in Pennsylvania.

The towns people naturally declare that the punishment was too severe but the effect of it has been to effectually suppress any similar expressions. Since the excitement has bubsided the people generally condem the shooting of Mr. Frick as cowardly and liable to harm their cause.

NEWS AND OTHER NOTINGS.

—Two sons of Alex. Cassett, of Sunbury, engaged in a heated altercation which so affected their father that he died suddenly of heart disease.

—Ex-President Cleveland and wife have engaged rooms at the Mirror Lake House, Lake Place, in the Adirondacks, from August 5th to August 15th.

—On Sunday night, while two Polish women were walking near Mansfield, one of them was struck by lightning and instantly killed. The other was seriously injured.

—The town of Iron River, Wis., with the exception of one of two buildings, was totally destroyed by fire one night recently, entailing a loss of $200,000, with very little insurance.

—Marion Zimmerman, of near Calumet, Westmoreland county, had two valuable horses die within the past week, both of which have been poisoned by some malicious person.

—Harvest hands must be scarce in Orland, Cal., where women have to work at haying. There were two women dressed in men's clothing hauling hay into that town last week.

—The costliest cigars ever brought to this country were a box of the brand especially made for the Prince of Wales in Havana, the manufacturer's price for which was $1.87 apiece.

—Dozens of carefully tabulated tests show that the blood of man makes a complete circulation once every 15 to 25 seconds, according to the physical conditions of the subject experimented upon.

—Five persons are dead and five are dying from eating butter beans at a hotel at Salisburg beach, Mass. It is believed the beans were not as fresh as they should have been and developed poisonous oil.

—Two barns belonging to Dr. J. A. Foulk, of New Kingston, Juniata county, and Aaron Hench, of Mifflin, were struck by lightning recently and burned to the ground. The loss is partly covered by insurance.

—A day or two ago what is said to have been the largest fruit train that ever left California for the East, pulled out of Sacramento. It consisted of 27 cars, and these were loaded with peaches, plums, apricots, apples, etc.

—An Italian attempted to jump a moving train at Grapeville, a short distance east of Jeannette, Sunday night. He was thrown over a steep embankment. A physician sewed up gaping wounds in the mouth and forehead.

—The large barn of Samuel Gardner, near Pennsylvania State College was struck by lighting on Wednesday afternoon and destroyed by fire, together with the most of this year's grain, farming implements and one blooded horse. Loss $5,000, about half insured.

—The workmen employed on the new Shields library building at Wilmington, Del., notified the contractors that they would not handle any Carnegie iron in the structure. The structural iron has been ordered of Carnegie, but the contractor will now procure it elsewhere.

—John D. and Charles Ruggles, the two brothers who robbed the Redding stage near Redding, Cal., a few weeks ago and killed Messenger Montgomery, wounding a driver and a passenger, were taken from the jail by about forty masked men at 2:30 o'clock on Sunday morning and hanged.

—Application will soon be made to the government to protect a herd of wild camels that roams over the desolate country in Arizona between Yuma and Ehrenberg and Wickenberg and the Colorado river. The original wild camels were brought to the far West during the civil war to transport supplies across the desert.

—Ex-Sheriff Joseph J. Lingle died at Bellefonte on Tuesday evening at the advanced age of 87 years. He was elected sheriff in 1850 and in partnership with Ex-Governor Curtin and others built the Tyrone and Clearfield railroad and was among the first to open up that great bituminous coal country. He afterwards practiced law in Center and Clearfield counties.

—A tramp stopped a consolidated train a few miles out of Meriden, Conn., Sunday night, by standing on the track and frantically waving a red handkerchief. The train was stopped short when the tramp informed the alarmed passengers that he was tired and wanted to ride; the exasperated train hands tumbled the man down an embankment and the train proceeded.

—James Pilens, a prominent citizen, and his wife, mother-in-law and four children, were thrown seventy-five feet over a cliff into the Ohio river near Wheeling W. Va., by a runaway horse on Sunday night. Mrs. Pilens and her mother received frightful injuries and both will probably die. An infant child was also dangerously hurt. The others escaped with slight injuries. The horse was scared by a train.

—During the severe thunderstorm on Monday, ten barns in lower Bucks county were struck by lightning and destroyed with their contents. All were burning at once. The barns destroyed belonged to different parties and were located in several townships. Lightning struck a tree, and two tramps, who took shelter under it, were badly stunned. A sailboat on the river was upset, but the inmates were rescued.

—The barns of Henry P. Taylor, William Kyle and David Yoder, in the Kishacoquillas Valley, Mifflin county, were struck by lightning on Friday night, July 21, and were wholly destroyed by fire, together with their contents, consisting of grain, hay, etc. In the Kyle barn six horses and thirteen sheep were burned to death. The three barns are about six miles distant from each other and all were burning about the same time.

—Fire which broke out in the lumber manufacturing establishment of Miles & Turner at Bay City, Michigan, destroyed the entire plant and spread rapidly to the eastward. At 5 o'clock about thirty blocks had been burned, while twenty more were supplying fuel to the flames. By 8 o'clock upwards of 300 dwellings had been destroyed and the conflagration was still raging. So far as known only one life has been lost. The entire loss will reach upwards of $1,000,000.

—Sunday morning at 2 o'clock five men started exploding dynamite in Saucon creek, near Bethlehem, Pa., to kill fish. The cartridges were handled by Eugene Lane, who is a foreman in the Bethlehem Iron company's limestone quarry, and was regarded as an expert blaster. While waiting for a lantern light to be thrown on the surface of the water, a four-inch cartridge, the fuse of which had been lighted, exploded with terrific force. Lane's right arm was blown off and his left arm and face lacerated. He was taken to St. Luke's hospital fatally injured. The fishing was surreptitious, as the killing of fish by explosives is met with severe penalty. Arrests will follow.

BALTZELLS'

THE Handkerchief is of remote antiquity and has ever played an important role as a dress accessary. Always a favorite gift medium, and not so long ago expensive if beauty was desired, more and more attention has been given their manufacture, until now, when a 25-cent handkerchief is really a dainty and dressy affair and no possible comparison to those of equal as many years ago, while 50 and 75 cents supply really exquisite creations. There is no department in our store more deservedly admired or more irresistably attractive than the Handkerchief Booth, as it contains the best, the cheapest and the most varied and beautiful that the markets of the world produce, and in prices to suit all conditions. At 2 cents a colored border handkerchief is shown, a very pretty one at 5 cents, and increase in beauty and fineness in 10, 12½ and 25 cent grades, in many styles. In plain hemstitched, cotton 5 cents; linen 12½, 25, 30 and 50c., and in fancy embroidery 25, 30, 35, 40, 50, 60, 75c. $1 and all prices up to $2.35 in finest linen. Many of the patterns are extremely beautiful and elaborate and the fabric very sheer and elegant.

Exquisitely hand embroidered French Linen of cobweb texture are exceedingly elegant, and sell at prices ranging from $3.68 to $5.25 and $6.25. This work is done in convents and "perfection" is a word hardly good enough to apply to them. Handsome Duchess patterns are in stock that have run a little low in high prices, and now range from $1 to $4.35.

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Zephyr Dress Ginghams.

Gray and white, black and white, pink and white and blue and white, large stylish broken plaids.

10 : CENTS.

A yard. You save one-third the price on these ginghams. The value and regular price to-day is 15 cents.
Our entire stock of this season's styles Anderson Ginghams,

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40 cent quality.
And to make yokes and flounces for your ginghams, challies and India Silks, we have a sale of 5,000 yards

POINTE D'IRLANDE LACES,

In cream and ecru, ranging from 5 to 16 inches in width, all at one price,

25 : CENTS.

They are 50c., 75c. and $100 laces. 32 pieces plain.

Black - Japanese - Silks,

Extra fine and lustrous, 34 inches wide, almost a yard, for ladies waists and summer gowns,

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Heretofore sold at $1.25.
487 dozens Ladies' Hand Embroidered, with scallsped edges, JAP SILK HANDKERCHIEFS, black or white, embroidered in white or colors, 15c., 20c., and 25c. Regular prices are just double.

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1,000 Silk Belts, 2 inches wide, white or black, 25 cents.
1,000 Solid Leather Laced Bodice Belts, 25 cents.
Write us and find out just how much its to your interest to send us your

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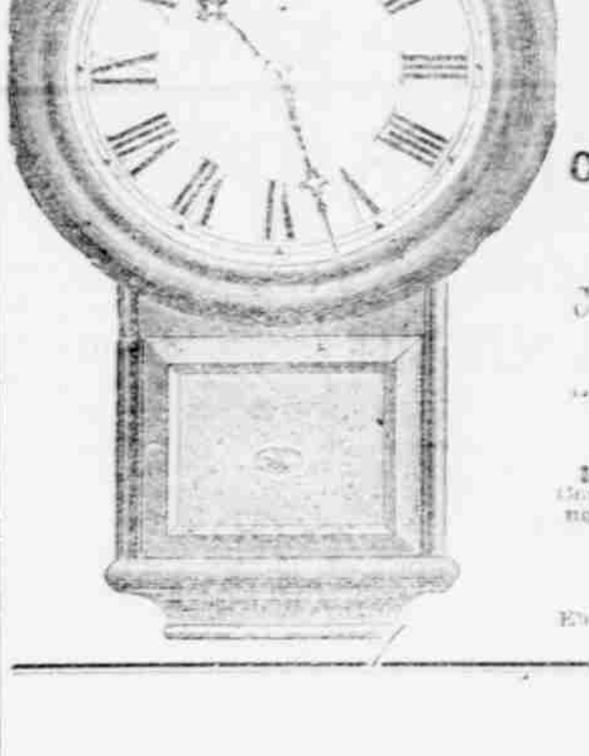

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In presenting this announcement we take great pride in calling attention to our present stock of goods. It will be our aim to sell nothing but the best of goods, and at the lowest possible cash price. We have received within the last few days several new things in Shoes and Gents' Furnishings, and have a large stock ordered, which will be coming in as fast the factories can make them.
Inviting you to call and see our goods and get prices, we are
Yours Respectfully,
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Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, CAMBRIA CO., PA.

FRIDAY, - - - - - JULY 29, 1892.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

[illegible] Canada thistles before they go to [illegible]

[illegible], of Summit, was in [illegible] Thursday.

[illegible] White, of Indiana, was a visitor [illegible] on Tuesday.

[illegible], of Carrolltown, visi[illegible] on Sunday.

Miss Maggie Fenlon, of Indiana, is [illegible] friends in this place.

Miss Fannie Williams, of Indiana, is [illegible] Mrs. W. J. Scanlan, of this place.

[illegible] must be registered by the first [illegible] in order to vote in Novem[illegible]

[illegible] hundred bushels of wheat [illegible] on the almshouse farm this [illegible]

Mr. Michael D. Dishart, of Carroll [illegible] was a visitor to our office on [illegible]

[illegible] at the Bethel Baptist church [illegible] morning at 11:00 A. M. and the [illegible]

Mrs. E. J. Humphrey, of Johnstown, [illegible] of this place, is visiting friends [illegible]

[illegible] Hartman one of Hastings en[illegible], was in Ebensburg for a [illegible] Monday.

[illegible], of Johnstwn, was [illegible] here on Monday, suffering [illegible]

[illegible] Order of Hibernians of [illegible] will picnic at Arbutes [illegible] August.

[illegible] Pattison and wife are now [illegible] Springs where they will spend [illegible] of the summer.

[illegible] Stineman and his brother, [illegible] E. Stineman, both of South [illegible] on Tuesday.

[illegible] McCormick and family, of [illegible] Minn., are visiting friends at [illegible] their former home.

[illegible] Garman and Miss Annie [illegible] been selected as teachers in [illegible] mentioned last week.

Mr. Charles Byrne and wife, of Al[illegible] visiting the latter's parents, [illegible] Mrs. John Bender, in this place.

Mr. D. H. Zahm, fireman on the [illegible] has been off duty for several days [illegible] of illness but is rapidly recover[illegible]

[illegible] slashing the timber out of [illegible] on the line of the extension [illegible] railroad was commenced on [illegible]

Mr. William Chute, of Homestead Pa., [illegible] by his wife is visiting his [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Chute, of [illegible]

Mrs. [illegible] S. Lloyd, of Cambria town[illegible] was taken seriously ill on Monday [illegible] but we understand is rapidly [illegible]

Mr. W. A. Lantzy, of Johnstown, was [illegible] Tuesday on his way home after [illegible] weeks in the northern por[illegible] county.

The Blair County Agricultural Socie[illegible] hold their fair this year on Septem[illegible] in Dell Delight Grove, Hollidaysburg.

[illegible] have been proven a failure [illegible] Pennsylvania railroad, after a trial [illegible] years, and hereafter wood will [illegible]

[illegible] were brought to jail from [illegible] charged with assault and [illegible] Michael Weiss, an employee at [illegible] on Monday.

[illegible], widow of Hugh Griffin, [illegible] of Munster township, is serious[illegible] at the home of her son, Mr. Joseph [illegible] Munster township.

At the meeting of the Ebensburg Building and Loan Association held on Monday evening about $1,000 was sold at [illegible] ranging from 26½ to 28½.

Mr. Robert Ferguson, of Blacklick [illegible] several weeks ago returned [illegible] has been laid up ever [illegible] rheumatism.

Mr. Levi W. [illegible], of Confluence, Somerset County, Pa., was here on Thursday on his way to visit relatives and friends in Carroll and Elder townships.

The house of William Switzler, in Carroll township, was struck by lightning Wednesday evening about five o'clock. Little or no damage was done to the build[illegible]

[illegible] McCoy, a former well-known [illegible], of Newry, Blair county, died [illegible], Ohio, on Monday aged about [illegible]. He is survived by his wife, three [illegible] and one son.

Mrs. Clara Hey, of Cincinnati O., who [illegible] visiting friends in Carrolltown, [illegible] that place on Wednesday of last [illegible]. The remains were forwarded to [illegible] for interment.

About a dozen horses and carts from [illegible] near Carrolltown went through [illegible] Tuesday morning on their way to [illegible] to work on another track for the Pennsylvania railroad.

A festival will be held in the Opera [illegible] Tuesday and Wednesday even[illegible] August 2nd and 3rd, proceeds for the [illegible] of the Christian church. A cordial [illegible] extended to all.

Mr. Charles McMullen, who was in [illegible] of Mr. Geo. L. Fredericks, of [illegible] for some time past, has gone to [illegible] to take charge of Mr. Freder[illegible] shop in that place.

Edward Costlow, son of John Costlow, [illegible] township, aged 12 years, one [illegible] cut down a tree in the woods [illegible] father's farm and was instantly [illegible] being struck with a limb of the [illegible]

[illegible] from the Amalgamated As[illegible] made an ineffectual attempt on Tuesday to enlist the sympathies of [illegible] steel workers. The visitors [illegible] admission to the works of the [illegible] Company.

E. [illegible], a native born Syrian [illegible] resident of this country for several [illegible] will lecture in the Congregational [illegible] Sunday evening on "Historic [illegible]." All are cordially invited to at[illegible] Admission free.

[illegible] Thomas B. Davis, of Carroll [illegible] one day last week unearthed [illegible] arrow heads on his father's farm [illegible]. They had evidently lain [illegible] the time the aborigines had [illegible] of the soil.

Dr. James R. Taylor, a well-known [illegible] physician fell dead at his resi[illegible] on Saturday afternoon [illegible] a resident of Altoona for the [illegible] years and leaves six children, his [illegible] having died several years ago.

On Sunday last Dr. Blaisdell, of Wil[illegible] was overcome with the heat after [illegible] from a visit to a patient and for [illegible] his condition was such as to give [illegible] alarm to his family and friends. [illegible] reports he had almost entirely [illegible]

All tickets to points west of Cresson as [illegible] coming east of that point are [illegible] to stop off. This stop makes a de[illegible] break in the journey, as few [illegible] the system embrace the attrac[illegible] features of this crowning point of the Alleghenies.

—About three o'clock on Monday afternoon the work of boring the tunnel south of Carrolltown was completed. The track is also laid up to that point and in a few days Carrolltown will be connected with the outside world by railroad.

—Michael Keelan, who has been an inmate of the almshouse for a number of years died at that institution this (Thursday) morning, aged about 68 years. The deceased was a former resident of South Fork, and was unmarried.

—Contracts have been awarded for the construction of sixteen miles of railroad between Clearfield and Dubois, to be known as the Clearfield and Mahoning railroad, being part of the link connecting Beech Creek with the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg railroad.

—Mr. Joseph Brown, of Johnstown, met with a serious accident at South Fork on Monday. He attempted to jump on a moving freight train and was thrown under the car and dragged some distance. His left foot was badly mashed. He was afterwards removed to his home in Johnstown.

—F. J. Reilly, of the firm of Reilly & McManns, who have the contracts for straightening the branch road from Munster to Cresson, passed through here on Tuesday at noon with a number of horses and carts on his way to Bolivar, where the firm has contracts for work on the Pennsylvania railroad.

—At a meeting of the Portage township school board held on Saturday afternoon last, the following teachers were selected for the ensuing year: Cramer school, Chas. C. Rugh; Trout Run, Miss Mary Borkey; Jamestown, Miss Sarah McGough; Bensereek, John McCreary. No teacher was chosen for the Itel school.

—The barn of Nicholas Seymore, in Allegheny township, was struck by lightning on Wednesday evening, about four o'clock and together with its contents was burned to the ground. Four horses were burned and a greater portion of this years harvest. We failed to learn the amount of the loss or whether or not there was any insurance.

—The watch lost by Master Phil Shoemaker at the fair grounds on the 4th inst. was brought to this office on Wednesday, in response to an advertisement published in the FREEMAN. It was found by Mr. William Murphy, of Cambria township, who, seeing the notice, brought in the watch. Nothing like making known your wants in the FREEMAN.

—An adopted son of Mrs. John Zorn, of Carroll township, was thrown from a wagon on Julian street on Friday last and had one of his arms badly hurt. It was thought for a time that the arm was broken, but on examination it was found to be only badly sprained. The accident was caused by the horses starting while the boy was climbing on the wagon.

—On Saturday afternoon about two o'clock a six-year-old son of Mr. Christopher White, of Barr township, while playing with a sucking colt on his father's farm, was kicked on the head and injured so badly that it is not thought possible that he can recover. He was still living at last accounts, but his condition was such as to leave but little hope of his surviving.

—There will be a grand picnic held at the new town of Spangler, on Wednesday and Thursday, August 10 and 11th, 1892, for the benefit of the first Catholic church at Spangler. This will be a good opportunity to visit the new town and as the committee having the arrangements in charge will spare no exertions to make it a success, we hope to see it well attended and liberally patronized.

—The Johnstown *Tribune* of Monday says: County Commissioner Lloyd is in the city, and, in conjunction with Commissioner Kirby, is making arrangements for suitable places for holding elections this fall under the new Baker law. There will be some changes of the locations of polling places, as several of those heretofore in use will not answer the requirements of the new statute.

—On Monday night burglars attempted to gain an entrance to the residence of F. A. Shoemaker, Esq., by placing a ladder against the house and climbing to a second story window. They were discovered however, before they succeeded in getting in and a shot from a revolver in the hands of a colored woman caused them to make a hasty retreat. Mr. Shoemaker was away from home at the time

—An exchange gives the following comforting news to parents: When your boy comes home in the evening looking blue about the gills, his ears hanging down like a broken union top, his shirt wrong side out and buttoned with the third button in the first hole, sand in his ears and wearing a generaly dejected air, don't accuse him of having eaten green apples or broken a window, he has only "been in swimming, and was the last fellow out."

—From the Adrian, Nobles county Minn., *Citizen* of last week, we learn that at a convention of the Peoples party for Nobles county, held at Worthington, on Wednesday of last week, our old friend John A. Kennedy, formerly of Ebensburg, was nominated for Register of deeds. Mr. Kennedy is at present filling the position he is nominated for, having been elected two years ago on the Democratic ticket. His old friends in Cambria, will be glad to learn that he is still in the "swim."

—A few weeks since, ten cars of coal were shipped to the Irvona Coal Co's ovens from Portage, for the purpose of ascertaining the coking properties in the coal. After a fair test the coal has been pronounced excellent for steam purposes but for coking is a failure. Had the coal proven good for making coke our town would have lost the entire benefit of the Irvona Coal Co., which would have been a very "black eye" to many of us. If late reports are to be relied upon the Company will operate its mines on a larger scale than ever in the future.—*Coalport Standard.*

—The water furnished the people of Ebensburg from the water works is execrable. It is not only warm but it is muddy, and when it stands, the bottom of the vessel in which it is placed is filled with sediment. There is said to be water enough in the Jones resevoir for present needs but the pump is out of order and has been for some time past although, there has been plenty of time to have it repaired or replaced. There is to be a special meeting of council next week to consider the question of opening up a street for the benefit of a gentleman from Pittsburg, and we would suggest the propriety of the council at the same time giving the people of Ebensburg a little share of their attention and take some measures towards having the quality of the water supply improved.

—On Tuesday Mr. David Price, one of Ebensburg's butchers was bringing four fat steers into town, having purchased them from Mr. John Boas, of Allegheny township. On the way, the steers, whenever they would come to any water would wade into it for the purpose of cooling off. At the east end of town there is a covered culvert and when they reached that point one of the steers rushed in at the end and was followed by another. The culvert was too small for them to get through or turn around and they had to be dragged out. The last one getting in was all right when pulled out, but the first one was gotten out with considerable difficulty and was unable to stand up. He was rolled over in a field and left to recuperate, but instead of so doing died in a few hours afterward.

—On Wednesday morning a party of ladies consisting of Mrs. T. M. Richards, Mrs. D. H. Zahm, Mrs. A. V. Barker, Mrs. R. J. Humphreys, Misses Dora Stearns, Maud Zahm, Gertie Larimer and Lowell Barker visited Camp Minnie, south of town, and spent the day pleasantly among the campers. The visitors were treated royally by the members of the camping party, and the many courtesies extended by the latter contributed largely to the day's enjoyment.

—A twenty-year-old son of John Bush, of near Ninevah, was bitten by a rattlesnake a few days ago. Being close to his home, he succeeded in reaching there in a short time, and drank a large quantity of whisky and was put to bed. Medical aid was at once summoned, and after Dr. Garrison had worked with him for several hours he succeeded in pulling him through. During the progress of his treatment his limbs swelled to an enormous size, but he is all right now and able to be about.—*Johnstown Herald*

Burglary in Howard County, Maryland.

ELLICOTT CITY, Md., July 19.—A daring robbery was perpetrated at the residence of Mrs. C. A. Pindle, near Ilchester, last night. Mrs. Pindle and her two single daughters, Misses Virginia and Antoinette, live there, and while asleep their home was invaded by what would seem to indicate a band of thieves, and every room and closet in the lower portion ransacked, and over a hundred dollars' worth of valuables carried off. About half-past twelve o'clock one of the daughters in the second story was aroused by footsteps near her door. She leaped out of bed and this had the effect of frightening the burglars from the house. On making an investigation it was found that every door and window on the first floor was open. Several packages had carefully been prepared by the robbers and set in the yard to be taken away, but which they failed to gather up in their hasty retreat. Most of the silverware stolen was marked with the initials of some member of the family, and a postal order taken was numbered 7,133 and issued May 17th, 1892, at Ebensburg, Pa. It is to be hoped that these marks may lead to the detection of the dastardly miscreants. They are supposed to be the same gang of burglars who entered the residence of Mr. Thomas H. Gaither, near Ellicott City, Saturday night before the household had retired, and who escaped without getting any booty.

[The above notice we clip from the Baltimore *American*. The residence burglarized is that of the wife and family of Mr. A. T. Pindle, who is well known here, having been for a number of years prominently identified with land operations in Blacklick township.]

Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses were issued by the Clerk of the Orphans' Court for the week ending Wednesday, July 27, 1892:

George F. Gaston and Ada Clawson, East Conemaugh.

Roland Dixon and Rachel M. Webb, Fallen Timber.

Robert M. Wisor and Sarah J. Swatman, Johnstown.

John Scharz and Bertha Young, Johnstown.

Demeter Dubrusky, Bensereek, and Zuzana Rolinsik, Scooptown.

Albert T. Scott and Mary Ellen Corbin, Ebensburg.

Michael D. Dishart and Annie E. Farabaugh, Carroll township.

Gustay Kujat and Emma P. Ohl, Lower Yoder township.

George Porch and Elsie May Messenger, Johnstown.

Herman J. Crouse, Cambria township, and Caroline Wagner, Jackson township

George E. Singer and A. May Walker, Jackson township.

William Jackson Myers, Roaring Springs, Blair county, and Ellen Plunket, Dean township.

W. H. Waters and Lena Upperman, Johnstown.

Leyidora Sirean and Rosanna Jordenar, Washington township.

Peter C. Stoltz, Altoona, and Rose A. Adams, Barr township.

The Pennsylvania Railroad's Twelve-Day Excursions to the Shore.

July was a great month for the seashore excursions; August bids fair to be greater.

The tickets include the choicest points on the coast, and are available for Cape May, Atlantic City, Sea Isle City or Ocean City at the same rate. The remaining dates are August 4th and August 18th.

The excursion tickets, good for twelve days, are to be sold at a rate of $10.00 from Pittsburg and at correspondingly low rates from other stations.

A special train of parlor cars and day coaches will leave Pittsburg at 8:50 A. M., for Philadelphia, stopping at all important junction points, where connections will be made with branch lines. Passengers will spend the night in Philadelphia and proceed to the seashore by regular trains of the next day.

Tickets will be sold from stations named below and train schedule will be as follows:

	Rate.	Train leaves.
Johnstown	$9.25	11:03 A. M.
Cresson	8.50	11:52 A. M.
Altoona	8.00	12:55 P. M.
Philadelphia ......Arrive	....	7:16 P. M.

Application for information and tickets should be made to ticket agents at above stations or to T. E. Watt, passenger agent Western district, Pittsburg, Pa.

Communication.

ST. AUGUSTINE, Pa., July 27, 1892.

Editor Cambria Freeman:

The parishioners of St. Augustine have shown their appreciation of Father McEvoy's zeal and labors in their midst by sending him a beautiful and costly gold watch. His business rapidity, his ever-ready zeal, his ability to overcome all obstacles that beset right management and sound judgment, his brightness of word and doctrine to preach the word of God in season and out of season, the good of every kindness done will live here though our rugged fields grow again into a howling wilderness.

The committee appointed to carry the taken of love to our former pastor has returned delighted with their visit to Butler county and are most enthusiastic on the subject of the good being done in the parish of Clearfield. May God bless Father McEvoy.

D. M. J.

Argument List.

The following cases will be presented for argument at argument court, August 8th, 1892:

In the matter of the rule on William Schmidt, guardian of Annie and Mary M. Just to show cause why the appointment should not be revoked.

In re exceptions to report of John H. Brown, auditor in estate of Jno. W. Weakland, deceased.

In re exceptions to the first and final account of Henry Barnhart, administrator of Michael Barnhart, deceased.

In re exceptions to the confirmation of the sale of F. A. Shoemaker, trustee for the sale of the real estate of Daniel Swank, deceased.

In the matter of the exceptions to report of D. E. Dufton, auditor in the estate of John Campbell, Sr., deceased.

CELESTINE J. BLAIR,
July 29, 1892. Clerk O. C.

News of the Great Strike.—Best Given in the Pittsburg Dispatch

Absolutely fair, impartial, and without any bias—giving every detail of interest promptly and correctly. The best accounts of daily occurrences. The finest illustrations, giving real views of the situation.

Correspondence.

In our letter last week we concluded with our visit to Honesdale, which we left about four o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. We returned to Scranton by the Gravity railroad, stopping about an hour at Farview, a popular resort for picnics on the Moosic mountain. This point is one of the highest on the mountains and affords a fine view, but it being cloudy, the the range of vision was much shorter than had it been a clear, sunshiny day.

After leaving Farview we returned to Scranton where we spent the night and the next morning at 8 o'clock started for Albany, the capital of the Empire state, one hundred and ninety-five miles distant, over the Delaware & Hudson railroad. The country traversed is mostly devoted to farming, but it does not strike one as being an overly productive one. The farms as we spin along the railroad do not look as well as in our own county. The large, commodious barns seen throughout the balance of the state are here conspicuous by their absence.

After passing the state line and getting into New York we enter the great hop producing part of the country, and the sight of whole fields of hops on every farm is something new and novel. The fields generally look to contain from three to six acres and are stuck full of poles six to ten feet in heighth for the hops to vine on, the poles being about three feet apart, with strings strung from the top of one pole to the bottom of the pole adjacent. Another peculiarity we noticed was the absence of fences along the public roads. Cattle are not allowed to run at large and it was a common sight to see a corn field next to the public road without a fence. The fields used for pasture, however, are fenced.

We reached Albany about three o'clock and most of the party stopped at the Delvan House, where we got our dinner. While there it was announced that the officials of the Delaware & Hudson Railroad Company had kindly offered to take the party to Saratoga at 4:30, and nearly all availed themselves of the opportunity of visiting this famous summer resort.

Saratoga is thirty-two miles distant from Albany and on the route we passed the falls of the Mohawk, close to where that river enters the Hudson.

We reached Saratoga about one hour after starting, and on our arrival the party scattered, striking out in little groups for the purpose of inspecting the place where New York's 400 spend their cash and the summer season.

For fine hotels Saratoga is said to be unrivaled. There are a number of them that cover entire blocks and are five and six stories high. Ten dollars per day and upwards is the price of boarding in them, but as we intend keeping the subscription price of the FREEMAN at the same old rate, we merely glanced at them and kept a grip on our pocketbook. We visited the springs, drank some of the water, took a stroll through the town and through Judge Hilton's park. Judge Hilton settled up the estate of the millionaire merchant prince, A. T. Stewart, and he himself has been pretty well settled ever since. Judge Hilton's park contains over 1,000 acres, is laid out in walks and driveways, is all kept like a lawn and is dotted over with the finest marble statuary. The buildings are a house for himself, one for his married daughter, and one each for his two sons. A stable that is equal in cost to any house that we know of in Cambria county is also on the grounds.

After spending five hours in Saratoga we returned to Albany where we spent the night, getting up early for the purpose of seeing the city. On Friday morning the janitor of the State House opened up at 6 o'clock, earlier than usual, for the purpose of allowing the editorial fraternity to inspect it. It is the most costly state captol in the United States, and when completed it is estimated will cost $24,000,000. It is magnificent in all its details, but we imagine a large part of the cost went into the pockets of the politicians instead of into the building.

At 8:30, in company with over 2,000 others, we went on board the "New York," one of the Hudson river day boats, and started down that beautiful stream. The scenery is said to be the grandest on any river in America, and we are satisfied to take it for granted that it is. We have not the space to attempt any description of it, but merely mention the towns and places of interest. We passed Hudson, the Catskills, Rinebeck, Po'keepsie, Newburg, West Point and Yonkers, arriving at New York at 6:00 P. M. At New York the editorial party as a whole disbanded, each one taking his own way home. We spent Saturday and Sunday in the city leaving on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock and arriving home on Monday morning. It was a delightful trip and one that will long be remembered by all who participated in it.

J. G. H.

Argument List.

Following is a list of cases set down for argument at argument court, August 8th, 1892:

Fick vs. P. R. R. Company.

Murdock Bros. vs. McKelvey.

Barnhart Bros. vs. same.

Bendon, plaintiff in error, vs. use Louden.

In re opening streets in Lilly borough.

Heslop vs. Strayer.

In re road in Munster township.

Langbein vs. Thomas.

Weimer vs. McFeaters.

Same vs. same.

Use Ferguson vs. Wayne et al.

Johnston, Buck & Co. vs. Gallaher.

Karl vs. Gross.

In re rule on auditors of Washington township.

Hancuff vs. Burk.

Foust, plaintiff in error, vs. Helfrick.

Same vs. Brothers.

In re private road of John Crouse.

In re private road of D. C. Philips.

Krotenderfer vs. Bowman.

Hilebroner vs. Crouse.

Hammer vs. Cauffield.

In re road in Carroll township.

Mullen, plaintiff in error, vs. Cometh.

Youngkin vs. Haynes.

Evans vs. Page et al.

Trust, Safe Deposit & Title Insurance Co. et al. vs. Buck et al.

Baltzer et al., plaintiff in error, vs. Griffith.

Bolewine vs. Troxell et al.

Cresswell vs. Kuntz et al.

Kunkle vs. McLaughlin.

Baker vs. Baker.

Atlas Publishing Co. vs. Eck & Son.

Holsinger vs McKillip & Co.

J. C. DARBY,
July 25, 1892. Prothontary.

Every Democrat

Is interested in the national ticket. To arm himself against the sophistries of the Republican party, every Democrat should read "Frauds and Falsehoods of the Republican Party," the latest, the largest and most authentic campaign document ever issued. It shows the fallacy of protection, the weakness of reciprocity, the financial mismanagement and wasteful expenditures of the Republican party. The comparison of the Mills and McKinley is an eye-opener to farmers, mechanics and laborers. Complete biographies of Cleveland and Stevenson, a report of the convention, the party platform and an exposition of Democratic principles. Nearly 600 pages. Price only $1.50. Special terms to Democratic clubs. Big pay to working agents. Canvassing book sent free for 10 cents. Address H. J. SMITH & CO.,
263 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

—The days has lost 25 minutes in length since June 21st.

Obituary.

BARNHART.—Died at her home in Pittsburg on Friday, July 22, 1892, Mrs Annie Barnhart, wife of E. F. Barnhart, aged 30 years, 6 months and 2 days.

The deceased had been a resident of Pittsburg since the 7th of April last and had been in poor health for several years, her death resulting from rheumatism and pneumonia which she contracted from exposure at the time of the Johnstown flood, being then a resident of that place. Besides a bereaved husband she leaves to mourn her loss two small children—Birdie, aged five, and Eugene, aged two years. She is also survived by her mother, Mrs. Margaret Yeaglin, of Carroll township, and four brothers—John E., who is married and resides in Barr township; William, George J., and Thomas P.; and one sister, Leana, the latter three brothers and sister residing at home with their mother. Her remains passed through this place on Saturday and were taken to her mother's home. The interment took place on Sunday morning at 9 o'clock, when, after a Requium High Mass, her remains were laid to rest in St. Benedict's cemetery in Carrolltown. May she rest in peace.

MALOY.—Died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Sarah Sanker, in Loretto, on Saturday, July 23, 1892, Mrs Sarah Maloy aged 97 years 4 months and six days.

The deceased was the widow of John Maloy, who died many years ago. She is survived by five children—John of Allegheny township; Fiddus, of New York; Susan, wife of Jesse Eckenrode, of Loretto; Hugh of Johnstown, and Sarah widow of the late Aloysius Sanker, of Loretto, with whom the deceased made her home. Of late years she was totally blind, and at times almost deaf, but her intellect was unimpaired. Her remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery at Loretto on Monday.

Eminent Facts.

The question is often asked and scarcely ever answered, why whiskey made now is not as pure and reliable as it was forty years ago. It is nevertheless a fact that it is made purer and better to-day than at that time. With the improved methods fusil oil and other impurities are entirely eliminated. A sworn statement as to the purity, age and quality of the whisky sold is furnished by one dealer who advertises full quarts, six year old pure Penn,s Rye, at $1.00 per quart, or six quarts for $5.00, Silver Age $1.50 per quart, Duquesne $1.25 per quart. Port, Sherry, Sweet California Wines at 50c. A complete catalogue and price list of all foreign and domestic liquors mailed on application by

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa.

For sale by J. & A. E. Bender, Ebensburg, Pa.

Miscellaneous Notices.

EBENSBURG MARBLE AND GRANITE Works, as sketched by a special reporter of the Johnstown *Daily Herald*.—Reliable dealers and fine goods.

"During a recent flying trip to Ebensburg the writer of this article visited the Marble and Granite Works of Jas. Wilkinson & Son, which were founded in 1880. The senior member of this progressive firm has had an experience of thirty-five years, and his son and partner is also a skilled worker. The class of work they produce is of the highest class and style. From four to five hands are employed and the very finest monuments in the county seat are specimens of their skill. Shipments are made through this and to adjoining counties.

"All kinds of cemetery work is executed and a fine line of Iron Railing is handled and sold. The stock of work kept on hand (received by the car-load) is very extensive and many very fine monuments are exhibited, two especially being executed in the rustic style and in imitation of brickwork, with a finely executed cross on the top. Among the many fine monuments erected by this firm is an eight-ton fifteen-feet-high monument for Sheriff Griffith, monument for Father Christy (sixteen feet high), also monuments for Jacob Kibler and daughter of John Griffith. Both gentlemen give personal attention to business as well as executing the finest work. In all the time they have been in business they have adhered strictly to the maxim 'all goods just as represented and prices as low as the same class of work can be bought elsewhere. We have no hesitancy in recommending Messrs. Wilkinson & Son to our readers as reliable business men, progressive and trustworthy. Visit their establishment before ordering elsewhere."

☞ Special attention paid to setting work.

FOR SALE. Farm in Munster township, Cambria county, Pa. For particulars call on or address
June 17,3m. MRS. ELLEN O'DONNELL, Cresson, Pa.

A CAR-LOAD of Barb Wire cheap at Dutton & Son's.

LILLY BANKING : CO., LILLY, PA.,

JNO. B. MULLEN, - - - CASHIER.

A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS TRANSACTED.

FIRE, LIFE, AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

ALL THE PRINCIPAL STEAMSHIP LINES REPRESENTED BY US.

Accounts of merchants, farmers and others earnestly solicited, assuring our patrons that all business entrusted to us will receive prompt and careful attention, and be held strictly confidential. Customers will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

LILLY BANKING CO.,
feb5'90. Lilly, Penna.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

S. E. Burns,
vs.
Sandy Run Coal and Land Co., Limited, W. U. S., Treas. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria Co. No. 14, March term, 1892.

And now to wit, the 8th day of June, 1892, on motion of Alvin Evans, Esq., counsel for Sheriff Shumaker, T. W. Dick appointed auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the defendant company's personal property to and among the persons legally entitled to receive the same.

From the Record.

Notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in Ebensburg for the purpose of above appointment on TUESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1892, at 10 o'clock, A. M., at which time and place all parties interested may attend, otherwise be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

T. W. DICK,
July 29, 1892. Auditor.

AUDITORS' NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that having been appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county Auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of Henry J. Link and Peter C. Sharbaugh, executors of John Link, Jr., deceased, as shown by their first and final account to and and amongst those entitled thereto, I will sit in Attorneys' Room, Court House, Ebensburg, Pa., on **Monday, August 1st, 1892**, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

H. H. MYERS,
July 15.3t. Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE. Notice is hereby given that having been appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county Auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of John H. Douglass, guardian of minor children of Magdalena Luther, deceased, derived from sale of real estate to and amongst those legally entitled thereto, I will sit in Attorneys' Room, Court House, Ebensburg, Pa., on **Monday, August 1st, 1892**, at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of attending to the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested may attend or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

H. H. MYERS,
July 13.3t. Auditor.

STRAYS.—Came to the residence of the undersigned in Allegheny township on or about the 8th of July, one dark white faced bull, 1 black and white faced bull, 1 brindle bull, one red and white spotted heifer, one dark brindle heifer, all about one year old. The owner is requested to come forward preve property, pay charges and take them away, otherwise they will be disposed of according to law.

W. J. BUCK.
Allegheny Twp., July 29, 1892.

FOR SALE. The timber leaf of a tract of land situated in Dean township, Cambria county, containing not less that half a million feet of Lumber—two-thirds Hemlock, balance hard wood. Within three quarters of a mile of the C. & C. R. R. Inquire of JAMES KEARNEY, Agent,
1102 Eigth Ave., Altoona, Pa.
June 10, 1892,6t.

STRAY BULL. Came to the residence of the undersigned in Munster township on or about the 10th of May last, a brindle bull about two years old. The owner will come forward, prove property, pay charges and take him away, otherwise he will be kisposed of according to law.

JAMES M'LAUGHLIN.
Munster township, July 5, 1892.

NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS. The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Cresson Springs Company will be held at the Mountain House Cresson, Pa. on TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1892, at 10 o'clock A. M. Election of president and directors same day and place.

E. H. PYLE,
July 15.3t. Secretary.

SIMON'S !

UP WITH THE SALES ! DOWN WITH THE PRICES !

No let up to the Great Bargain Sale this week of Dress Goods, Carpets, Shoes, Oxfords, and Clothing. **GO THEY MUST!**

This week we will sell a big lot of new Challies at 3 and 4cts. a yard. New wash dress goods, worth 10c., at 8c. a yard. New 30-inch dress goods at 15c. Dress ginghams at 8, 10 and 12c. Good calico at 5c. Linen toweling, 5c. Red table linen at 21c. Cartain scrim, 7½c. Men's gray-mixed Hose at 5c. a pair

Carpets ! : Carpets !

at Lowest Possible Prices!

Is our watchword. We can suit you in prices, can please you in quality, and if you want to buy carpets this month come to us, as you will find our prices the lowest of any house in this county. 1-yard wide carpet as low as 15 cents a yard. Cotton ingrain at 30c.; best heavy ingrain at 45, 50 and 60c.; Brussels at 65, 70, 75, 85c. and $1.00; Rag at 30, 38, 45 and 50c.; Stair at 20, 22, 25 and 38c.; Straw Matting at 17, 19 and 25c.; Window Shades, 6 feet long, on spring rollers, at 25, 30, 35 and 45c. each,

SHOES! SHOES !

Infants' button shoes, 1 to 5, 22c. a pair; Children's spring heel, button or lace, 5 to 8, 50c.; Children's spring heel shoes, from 9 to 11, 75c.; Misses high cut spring heel button, 11 to 2, $1.25 and $1.48; Ladies' Oxford Ties, patent leather tips, at 75c.; Ladies' Oxford Ties, patent leather tips, $1.98; Ladies' cloth-top Oxfords, with tips, at $1.23, Ladies, try our new button shoes at $1.23, $1.48 and $1.75. Also our new cloth-to spring heel shoe at $2.48. Gentlemen, try our new solid leather shoes at $1.24 and $1.50; Kangaroo, Lace and Congress at $2 25 and $3.48 Boys' lace shoes, 11 to 2, 98c.; 2 to 5, at $1.23.

Try Our Clothing !

For the next ten days we will give you your pick of two hundred men's suits worth $12.00 and $13.50, at

TEN DOLLARS !

This week we will sell a big lot of Children's and boys' suits at a **TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. REDUCTION!** Purchasers to the amount of $10.00 or over will have their fare paid by us. So come right along and do not allow this item of expense to prevent you from taking advantage of our Geat Bargain Sale. **SIMON & CO.,** Gallitzin, Pa.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE NO. 1 OF The Cresson, Clearfield County and New York Short Route Railroad. In effect on and after November 15th 1891.

STATIONS.	Dist.	NORTH. Irvona Exp.†	NORTH. Church Train†	NORTH. Fast Line*	NORTH. Mail*	SOUTH. Pacific Exp*	SOUTH. Mail*	SOUTH. Church Train†	SOUTH. Cresson Exp.†
Cresson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Wildwood	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dawson	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Ashville	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dean	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Van Ormer	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Fallen Timber	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Coalport	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Irvona	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

*Leave daily except Sunday.
†Leave Sunday only
Black letters indicate telegraph stations.
Denny's, Moore's and Cristie's Crossings will be flag stations for all trains.

No. 1 connects at Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27 for points between Cresson and Johnstown, and with Pacific Express at 8 45 for points west of Johnstown. Also with Mail Train at 9 23 for points east of Cresson.

No. 5 connects with Mail Train at 4 26 for points West of Cresson, and Mail Express for points east of Cresson.

From points west of Cresson No. 4 connects with Mail train at 9 23, and from points east of Cresson with Johnstown Express at 8 27, and Pacific Express at 8 45.

No. 6 connects with Mail Train at 4 26 from points east of Cresson, and Mail Express at 5 17 from points west of Cresson.

Sunday trains connect with Pacific Express and Mail Train west and mail Express east.

Passengers to or from points on Pennsylvania & Northwestern Railroad can take train at Coalport or Irvona.

Stations marked "f" are flag stations. Passengers wishing to get off will notify the conductor. Passengers wishing to get on will flag the train at these stations. Trains will not stop unless so notified.

W. P. RATHBUN,
General Manager and Superintendent.
F. J. BURGOON, Train Master.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE OF THE EBENSburg & Cresson Branch Railroad. In effect December 20, 1891.

Connections at Cresson.

WEST.		EAST.	
Oyster Exp.	5 55 a m	Harrisburg Ac.	9 23 a m
Western Exp.	4 43 a m	Seashore Exp.	6 30 a m
Johnstown Exp.	8 24 a m	Mail	9 38 a m
Pacific Exp.	8 45 a m	Day Exp.	11 04 a m
Mail	4 26 p m	Altoona Exp.	1 00 p m
Way Pass.	2 36 p m	Mail Exp.	5 17 p m
		Phila Exp.	8 12 p m

SOUTHWARD.

	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3 P M.
Ebensburg	.....	7 40	10 25	3 35
Bradley	3.0	7 50	10 31	3 44
Kaylor	4.8	7 56	10 35	3 50
Noel	6.1	8 01	10 38	3 55
Munster	7.5	8 06	10 41	4 00
Lucket	9.6	8 13	10 45	4 08
Cresson	11.3	8 20	10 50	4 15

NORTHWARD.

	Distance.	No. 1. A M	No. 2. A M	No. 3 P M.
Cresson	.....	9 30	11 10	5 20
Lucket	1.7	9 35	11 26	5 30
Munster	3.8	9 40	11 28	5 37
Noel	5.2	9 44	11 35	5 43
Kaylor	6.5	9 47	11 41	5 48
Bradley	8.3	9 52	11 47	5 57
Ebensburg	11.3	10 10	12 01	6 10

Bradley, Noel and Lucket are Flag Stations.
No trains on Sunday.

ATTENTION, SOLDIERS! I have been appointed by the Hon. Secretary of the Interior PENSION AND CLAIM AGENT. I have TWELVE YEARS' EXPERIENCE. All claims entrusted to me will receive prompt attention. Any soldiers drawing less than $6 per month pension can have it increased to $6, $8, $10 and $12 per month, according to disability, under the act of June 27, 1890.

Please give an old wounded comrade your patronage. Office with Wm. H. Sechler, Attorney at Law, Reade's Row, Centre street, Ebensburg, Pa.

J. C. BURKE,
Pension Attorney,
Late Major 11th Regt., Penna. Reserves
May 20, 1892.3m

NOTICE is hereby given that the following account has been filed in the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, Pa., and will be confirmed by said Court on **Monday, the 8th day of August**, unless cause be shown to the contrary:

First and final account of F. J. O'Connor, assignee of Chas. F. Beckley et ux.

JAS. C. DARBY,
July 15, 1892. Prothonotary.

BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE both sexes. Write now GEO. A. SCOTT, New York City

1892.

EBENSBURG .:. FOUNDRY

Will Have For Sale This Year:

Plows,
Spring Tooth Harrows,
Cultivators,
Mowing Machines,
Reapers,
Rakes,
Sections for all Machines,
Hay Forks,
Hay Carriers,
Threshers,
Sled Soles,

Plow Points,
Landsides,
Plow Handles,
Plow Beams,
Plow Bolts,
Cook Stoves,
Ranges,
Heaters,
Heating Stoves,
Furnaces,
Grates of all kinds,

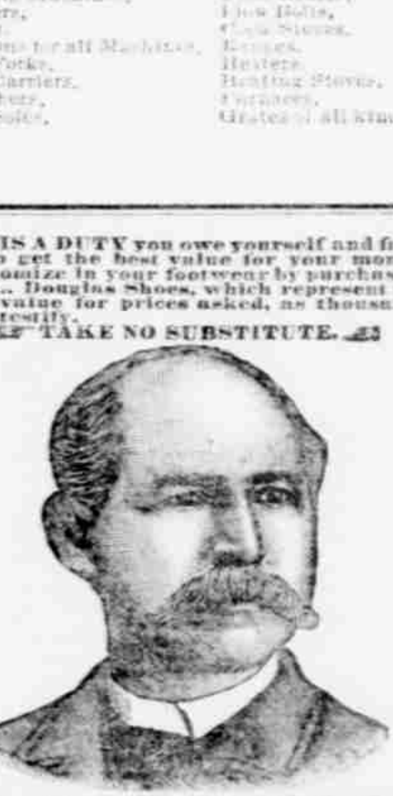
Cellar Windows,
Sash Weights,
Chimney Tops,
Iron Pumps,
Bone Dust,
Wagons,
Road Carts,
Buck-Boards,
Buggies,
Sleds,

Phosphate,
Cement,
Building Paper,
Steel Roofing,
Steel Siding,
Steel Lining,
Sugar Kettles,
Road Scoops,
Grain Drills with Corn Planter Attachment.

H. A. SHOEMAKER.

IT IS A DUTY you owe yourself and family to get the best value for your money. Economize in your footwear by purchasing W. L. Douglas Shoes, which represent the best value for prices asked, as thousands will testify.

☞ TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. ☜



W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN,

THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY.

A genuine sewed shoe, *that will not rip*, fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, flexible, more comfortable, stylish and durable than any other shoe ever sold at the price. Equals custom made shoes costing from $4 to $5.

$4 and **$5** Hand-sewed, fine calf shoes. The most stylish, easy and durable shoes ever sold at the price. They equal fine imported shoes costing from $8 to $12.

$3.50 Police Shoe, worn by farmers and all others who want a good heavy calf, three soled, extension edge shoe, easy to walk in, and will keep the feet dry and warm.

$2.50 Fine Calf, **$2.25** and **$2.00** Workingmen's Shoes will give more wear for the money than any other make. They are made for service. The increasing sales show that workingmen have found this out.

Boys' **$2.00** and Youths' **$1.75** School Shoes are worn by the boys everywhere. The most serviceable shoes sold at the prices.

Ladies' **$3.00** Hand-sewed, **$2.50**, **$2.00** and **$1.75** Shoes for Misses are made of the best Dongola or fine Calf, as desired. They are very stylish, comfortable and durable. The $3.00 shoe equals custom made shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00. Ladies who wish to economize in their footwear are finding this out.

Caution.—W. L. Douglas' name and the price is stamped on the bottom of each shoe; look for it when you buy. Beware of dealers attempting to substitute other makes for them. Such substitutions are fraudulent and subject to prosecution by law for obtaining money under false pretences.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

C. T. ROBERTS,
Agent, EBENSBURG, PA.

mr27.3m

1794. 1891.

Policies written at short notice in the

OLD RELIABLE "ÆTNA"

And other First Class Companies.

T. W. DICK,
AGENT FOR THE
OLD HARTFORD
FIRE INSURANCE COM'Y.
COMMENCED BUSINESS
1794.

Ebensburg, July 31, 1891.

Ebensburg Fire Insurance Agency
T. W. DICK.
General Insurance Agent
EBENSBURG, PA.

E. L. JOHNSTON. M. J. BUCK. A. W. BUCK.
ESTABLISHED 1872.

Johnston, Buck & Co.,
BANKERS,
EBENSBURG, - - - - PENN'A
A. W. BUCK, Cashier.

ESTABLISHED 1888.

Carrolltown Bank,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
T. A. SHARBAUGH, Cashier.

General Banking Business Transacted.

The following are the principal features of a general banking business:

DEPOSITS

Received payable on demand, and interest bearing certificates issued to time depositors.

LOANS

Extended to customers on favorable terms and approved paper discounted at all times.

COLLECTIONS

Made in the locality and upon all the banking towns in the United States. Charges moderate.

DRAFTS

Issued negotiable in all parts of the United States, and foreign exchange issued on all parts of Europe.

ACCOUNTS

Of merchants, farmers and others solicited, to whom reasonable accomodation will be extended. Patrons are assured that all transactions shall be held as strictly private and confidential, and that they will be treated as liberally as good banking rules will permit.

Respectfully,
JOHNSTON, BUCK & CO.

C. A. LANGBEIN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in
ALL KINDS of HARNESS

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS,
COLLARS HARNESS OILS, BLANKETS,

Robes, Fly Nets, Curry Combs, etc., etc. Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

Riding Bridles, from	50c. up.
Team Bridles, from	$1.50 up.
Lap Dusters, from	40c. up.
Machine-made Harness, from	$6.00 up.
Hand-made Harness, from	$10.00 up.

☞ Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. I guarantee to sell as cheap as the cheapest.

☞ Shop Barker's Row on Centre street.
apr29tf

M. D. KITTELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
EBENSBURG, PA.
Office in Armory Building, opp. Court House.

PILES "ANAKESIS" gives instant relief and is an infallible Cure for Piles. Price $1. By Druggists or mail. Samples free. Address "ANAKESIS," Box 2416, New York City.

GEO. M. READE,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
EBENSBURG, PENNA.
☞ Office on Centre street, near High.

GALAPAGOS TORTOISES.

A Race of Turtles That Is Nearly Extinct.

Owing to Their Excellence as an Article of Food They Have Been Nearly Eaten Out of Existence—How They Are Captured.

The Galapagos tortoises are the only survivors of an ancient race of huge turtles which lived so long ago as the early part of the tertiary epoch. Specimens weighing from six hundred to seven hundred pounds have been captured, and there is authentic record of one individual taken which tipped the scales at eight hundred and seventy pounds. However, nearly all of the very big ones have been caught and devoured, and it will not be long before the race is exterminated—literally "eaten off the face of the earth by gluttonous men." It is reckoned that ten millions of these turtles have been taken from the islands since their discovery.

No provisions for ships were ever found equal to these tortoises, which will remain in good condition for a year without food or water. A supply of the latter is carried by the animal in a bag, which contains as much as two gallons sometimes. They are very sagacious, and when kept on deck can be taught to confine themselves to any space arranged for their accommodation by whipping them gently with a rope's end when they get out of it. The meat is said to be finer than that of a green turtle. Dampier, the explorer who visited the islands in 1684, wrote that the flesh resembled a pullet's flavor. "The oil," he says, "we kept in jars and used it instead of butter to eat with dumplings." Rogers in 1707 wrote: "The eggs of a turtle are as big as those of a goose, white, hard shells and exactly round. Two men rode on the back of one of the creatures, which weighed seven hundred pounds, and it carried them with ease." In 1793 Colnet reported that the nests of the tortoises "were thrown up in circular form, never containing more than three eggs, which are heated by the sun, a hole being so contrived as to admit its rays through its daily course." This last remarkable statement would seem to imply that these chelonians were somewhat familiar with astronomy.

The tortoises are vegetable feeders, according to the Boston Transcript, browsing chiefly on a succulent cactus. It is said that they are entirely deaf, so that even the report of a gun does not startle or alarm them. At intervals they make pilgrimages to the hill tops, where water is to be found, traveling by night only. Thus, in the course of centuries, they have worn regular roads from the shore up the mountain sides, by following which the Spaniards first discovered the watering places. They have very long and snake-like necks and heads, and their feet surprisingly resemble those of an elephant. Their clumsy method of locomotion also suggests a likeness to the great pachyderm. Undoubtedly they live to a very great age, and their aspect is most venerable.

BERLIN'S TYPICAL STREET.

What It Reveals of the Activities of the Great City.

The Linden chronicles in stone the history of Prussian kings and the Prussian people; it also epitomizes in a peculiar way the daily activities of Berlin, says a writer in Scribner. It is significant that the beautiful broad street, so particularly adapted for saunterers, should on week days have scarcely any life until the early hours of the afternoon. Berlin is then hard at work. We have in Berlin no counterpart of the boulevardier of Paris. Those fashionable loungers—who hold serious conferences with their valets as to which shade of attire will appear to greater advantage in that day's sunlight; who grow absorbed in the selection of a proper cravat; who, when they have brushed their teeth and trimmed their nails in the morning, have about finished their day's work; who earn not a penny and spend a great deal—those worthy, amiable eccentrics, who give such a pleasant variety to the appearance of a street, are not found here at all.

During business hours you will see in Unter den Linden really nobody except provincials, foreigners and—of the city population—representatives of the wealthy class only, particularly ladies who are shopping in the most expensive places. Upon the middle promenade there will be maids and nurses with children playing around them, and upon the benches, beside old pensioned officials, the more doubtful figures of clerks out of work and pleasure seekers.

But all these come very far short of giving life to the wide, fine street, and would in no way justify the excessive strength of the armed force whose duty it is to maintain order and to facilitate the movement of traffic. For one sees, every ten paces, the dark blue uniform of a policeman, and in the middle of the crossings, sitting their horses firmly as bronze statues, the mounted police, the pride of the department. Really these fellows present a striking appearance. They have excellent horses, strong, sure-footed and swift, and they are all picked men, giants in fact, most of them with long, waving, full beards.

A HOUSE OF GLASS.

The Queer Idea of an Eccentric Frenchman.

At the city of Dinard in the department of Ille-et-Vilaine, France, there lives a man distinguished both for his originality of ideas and for the fullness of his money bags, says the Chicago Herald. He has been speaking and teaching for a long time upon the necessity of men beginning to lead lives of greater purity, so that they need not be afraid of having all their deeds under the incessant supervision of society. He is himself willing to submit to the trial and wants to find others to do the same. He has determined to have a three-story house built all of glass. A dwelling of such transparency would not only allow its inhabitants at all times a splendid prospect in every direction upon the beautiful country surrounding the place but also expose the minutest details of the daily life of the people in the house to the inspection of the entire city. The originator of the idea has found an architect willing to build the house on condition of payment in advance. But there is no renting agent that will take the agency for it. If it is to be a lodging-house for bachelors, they say, they may be able to do something with it, but they cannot find a female, they think, that would consent to live in a glass house. Nevertheless, the old gentleman is determined to realize his idea.

His Only Offense.

A New Yorker traveling in the wilds of North Carolina fell in with a guide who proved communicative and interesting. "There war a man killed down yonder last week," said the guide, pointing to the valley below. "What for?" said the traveler. "He war a rev'noo officer," said the guide. "But what had he done?" repeated the traveler. "He war a rev'noo officer," repeated the guide. "I understand," said the traveler, "but what was his offense?" "Why, man," said the guide with energy, "he war a rev'noo officer, an' thar's two men down in the valley waitin' with shotguns for the next one that tries to go through."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

a woman's remedy for woman's diseases, has stood the test of many years, and is to-day the only successful and harmless cure for all those peculiar weaknesses and

Diseases of Women,

organic diseases of the uterus or womb, inflammation, ovarian troubles, falling or displacement of the womb, faintness, nervous prostration, weak back, aches, etc.

All Druggists sell it or sent by mail, in form of Pills or Lozenges, on receipt of $1.00. Liver Pills, 25c. Correspondence freely answered. Address in confidence LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

From Pole to Pole

AYER'S SARSAPARILLA has demonstrated its power of cure for all diseases of the blood.

The Harpooner's Story.

New Bedford, June 1, 1883.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Twenty years ago I was a harpooner in the North Pacific, when five others of the crew and myself were laid up with scurvy. Our bodies were bloated, gums swollen and bleeding, teeth loose, purple blotches all over us, and our breath seemed rotten. Take it by and large we were pretty badly off. All our lime-juice was accidentally destroyed, but the captain had a couple dozen bottles of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA and gave us that. We recovered on it quicker than I have ever seen men brought about by any other treatment for Scurvy, and I've seen a good deal of it. Seeing no mention in your Almanac of your Sarsaparilla being good for scurvy, I thought you ought to know of this, and so send you the facts.

Respectfully yours, RALPH Y. WINGATE.

The Trooper's Experience.

Masseru, Basutoland (S. Africa), March 7, 1885.

DR. J. C. AYER & Co.—Gentlemen: I have much pleasure to testify to the great value of your Sarsaparilla. We have been stationed here for over two years, during which time we had to live in tents. Being under canvas for such a time brought on what is called in this country "veldt-sores." I had those sores for some time. I was advised to take your Sarsaparilla, two bottles of which made my sores disappear rapidly, and I am now quite well.

Yours truly, T. K. BODEN,
Trooper, Cape Mounted Riflemen.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is the only thoroughly effective blood-purifier, the only medicine that eradicates the poisons of Scrofula, Mercury, and Contagious Disease from the system.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists: Price $1; Six bottles for $5.

Stop that
CHRONIC COUGH NOW!

For if you do not it may become consumptive. For *Consumption, Scrofula, General Debility and Wasting Diseases*, there is nothing like

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES Of Lime and Soda.

It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer.

Scott's Emulsion

There are poor imitations. *Get the genuine.*

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER.

The great popularity of this preparation, after its test of many years, should be an assurance, even to the most skeptical, that it is really meritorious. Those who have used HALL'S HAIR RENEWER know that it does all that is claimed.

It causes new growth of hair on bald heads—provided the hair follicles are not dead, which is seldom the case; restores natural color to gray or faded hair; preserves the scalp healthful and clear of dandruff; prevents the hair falling off or changing color; keeps it soft, pliant, lustrous, and causes it to grow long and thick.

HALL'S HAIR RENEWER produces its effects by the healthful influence of its vegetable ingredients, which invigorate and rejuvenate. It is not a dye, and is a delightful article for toilet use. Containing no alcohol, it does not evaporate quickly and dry up the natural oil, leaving the hair harsh and brittle, as do other preparations.

Buckingham's Dye FOR THE **WHISKERS**

Colors them brown or black, as desired, and is the best dye, because it is harmless; produces a permanent natural color; and, being a single preparation, is more convenient of application than any other.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., Nashua, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

FOR ARTISTIC
JOB PRINTING
TRY THE FREEMAN.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER
For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use.
GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.
SOOTHING-HEALING

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love It.
Every Traveler should have a bottle of it in his satchel.
Every Sufferer From Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Nervous Headache, Diphtheria, Coughs, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 35 cts., by mail, 6 bottles, Express paid, $2. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

STRATTON

Band Instruments, Snare and Bass Drums.
Fifes, Piccolos, Clarionets, Cymbals and all Instruments pertaining to Brass Bands and Drum Corps.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
JOHN F. STRATTON & SON, 43 & 45 Walker Street, New York

WAYS OF SLEEPING.

Exactly Opposite Conditions Sought by People of Different Nations.

The things which one person needs to make him sleep are precisely the things which would keep another awake all night. Even the sedative medicines which put one person immediately into a heavy slumber excite another into a condition of nervous restlessness. The European or American, in order to sleep well, ordinarily requires a downy pillow under the head, but the Japanese, stretching himself upon a rush mat on the floor, puts a hard, square block of wood under his head, and does not sleep well if he does not have it. The Chinese makes great account of his bed, which is very low indeed—scarcely rising from the floor—but is often carved exquisitely of wood, but it never occurs to him to make it any softer than the rush mats will render it. While the people of the northern countries cannot sleep unless they have plenty of room to stretch out their legs the inhabitants of the tropics often curl themselves up like monkeys at the lower angle of a suspended hammock and sleep soundly in that position.

The robust American often covers himself with a pair of blankets and throws his window wide open to the air, even in the winter time, and he does not complain if he finds a little drift of snow across the top of his bed in the morning. The Russian, on the contrary, likes no sleeping place so well as the top of a big soapstone stove in his domicile. Crawling out of this blistering bed in the morning he likes to take a plunge in a cold stream, even if he has to break the ice to get into it. The Laplander crawls, head and all, into a bag made of reindeer skin, and sleeps warm and comfortable within it. The East Indian, at the other end of the world, also has a sleeping bag, but it is more porous than the Laplander's. Its purpose is to keep out mosquitoes more than to keep the sleeper warm. While the American still clings to his feather pillow, he is steadily discarding his old-fashioned feather bed in favor of the hair or straw mattress. The feather bed is relegated to the country, and many people who slept upon it all through their childhood find themselves uncomfortable upon it in their maturity. The German not only sleep upon a feather bed but underneath one. The feather covering used in Germany, however, concludes the Youth's Companion, is not so large or as thick as the one which is used as a mattress, and the foreigner who undertakes to sleep beneath it often finds his feet suffering from cold while his shoulders are suffering from heat.

FIGHT WITH A SHARK.

A Man's Fierce Conflict With an Ocean Monster.

The waters about New Zealand, like those of the South Pacific in general, are infested with a formidable species of shark, which does not hesitate to attack human beings. Many tragedies have been recorded from this cause, and many narrow escapes have been effected by fishermen, sailors and bathers. The New Zealand Herald describes a desperate fight which recently took place in Manukau harbor, a great inlet from the ocean near Auckland.

Mr. Henry Jacobson, light-keeper at North Manukau Heads, was out in his boat, about six miles down the harbor. A squall struck and swamped his boat, and left him in the water. The boat was heavily ballasted, and sunk. He dived and attempted to relieve the ballast, but failed.

Jacobson was a good swimmer, and resolved to make for the land. He grasped an oar and struck out manfully.

But he had not counted on the tide, which at that hour was running very strong, and instead of being able to make a direct course for land, was swept three miles farther down the harbor.

As he was lying upon the water, almost exhausted, he saw a large shark coming close upon him. He knew it was a man-eater, and the knowledge did not increase the comfort of his situation.

The shark grabbed at his hand, but Jacobson gave him the oar in its stead, and was about to ram the implement down the creature's throat when it drew back. It circled round and round him, and presently rushed straight for him again.

This time the man had his sheath knife drawn, and, holding the oar as a shield, stabbed the shark in the side. The blood flowed, reddening the water all about.

The shark drew back, wounded as it was, and made another attack. This time Jacobson struck the fish a ripping blow near the tail. This seemed too much for it, and it swam away.

Jacobson was now left, in a greatly exhausted condition, clinging to his oar, in the bloody water. Just as he was giving up hope of being able to reach the land a boat from the port hove in sight. He was seen, and hauled into the boat, after being in the water two hours and a half. He was unable to speak for a considerable time.

ASTRIDE A CROCODILE.

The Way an African Captured a Huge Reptile.

A cayman from a neighboring lagoon had occasionally poached among our ducks, says the engineer of an estate in India, as reported in "Tales of Travel," and we had been for some days on the lookout for him. One morning we discovered him lounging in one of the ponds after a night's plunder.

I ran for my gun and fired at him. The shot merely stirred the old rogue up; he thrashed about the water for a minute and then left the pond and started for the morass.

I tried to get aim at his head, but was unable to do so. At this moment David, an African wainman, came up, and before I realized his purpose, he had thrown himself astride the crocodile, grabbed his fore paws and held them doubled up across the creature's back.

The beast was immediately thrown upon his snout; and though able to use his hind feet freely and slap his tail about, he could not budge half a yard, his power being altogether spent in a fruitless endeavor to grub himself onward. He was obliged to move in a circle, and of course was confined pretty nearly to one spot.

The African kept his seat. He received some hard jerks, but as his seat was across the reptile's shoulders, he was well out of danger from jaws and tail so long as he held on.

"Shoot 'im! Me got 'im!" the fellow called to me.

I reloaded my gun, and getting good aim at the crocodile's head, soon put an end to his mischief. The old fellow measured fifteen feet.

Mines That Are Lost.

Everywhere throughout the west are lost mines. Every state and territory that has gold or silver has several of them. Around each there clings a halo of romance. The lost Pegleg mine on the Colorado desert is the latest to have an inning and be noticed by the press. There is a lost Cabin mine near Crater lake, in Oregon. Montana, Wyoming, Idaho and New Mexico have lost mines of some sort or other, all rich, and locked in the depths of the Navajo reservation in Arizona is another lost mine. Men with guns and picks and burros steal in from time to time in quest of the latter. Sometimes in referring to the various lost mines they are singularly mixed, until the problem is made harder to solve as to just what they are.

S. HAMILTON,
91 and 93 Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURG,
HAS PUT
MUSIC IN THE AIR!

WORKINGMEN AND TOILERS
Whether With Hands or Head,
TAKE THIS TO HEART.
ORGANIZE BRASS BANDS AND ORCHESTRAS

During the coming campaign you will easily earn

DOUBLE THE PRICE OF YOUR INVESTMENT,

Besides the pleasure you will have and the future profit. We have purposely ordered for just such trade as yours—an immense stock of

Instruments of Our Own Importation,

Direct from the great factories of the world and are guaranteed to be of the very best, choicest quality, but which we propose to sell at ONE PROFIT ONLY. No middle men and small dealers' profit, but sold to you direct at IMPORTERS' PRICES. No matter what interested parties may try to make you believe, just come straight to

HEADQUARTERS FOR MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA INSTRUMENTS AND TRIMMINGS.

Violins, Guitars, Mandolins, Banjos, Fifes, Cornets, Drums, Music; indeed everything musical. Also, the MATCHLESS DECKER BROS. PIANOS, the Artistic MODEL KNABE & CO. PIANO, the world-renowned BRILLIANT FISCHER PIANO, and the ESTEY, and

STORY & CLARK ORGANS,

all of which you know leads the musical world in quality and character of their goods. While we put the prices down to you at such rates, and on such

EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT

As puts one of these elegant instruments within the reach of

Every Man Who Loves His Home and Children.

You should have a Decker Bros. or Knabe or Fisher, or Estey, and Story & Clark instrument, instead of some cheap or unknown or perhaps some old fossil make. Therefore have only one of the above named instruments. Have no other. Also remember that for either Pianos or Organs, Bands and Orchestra instruments we will make to you the very lowest Single Profit Prices, and EASY TERMS OF PAYMENT. Also remember to write direct to the house, or call personally at the salesrooms in the

Great Hamilton Building.

Everybody knows where the Hamilton Building is 91 & 93 Fifth avenue, Pittsburg.

P. S.—If you wish to call in the evening, just drop a postal card to S. Hamilton when you will call and the rooms will be kept open.

B. J. LYNCH,
UNDERTAKER
And Manufacturer & Dealer in
HOME AND CITYMADE
FURNITURE
PARLOR AND CHAMBER SUITS,
LOUNGES, BEDSTEADS,
TABLES, CHAIRS,
Mattresses, &c.,
1605 ELEVENTH AVENUE,
ALTOONA, PENN'A

☞ Citizens of Cambria County and all others wishing to purchase honest FURNITURE, &c., at honest prices are respectfully invited to give us a call before buying elsewhere, as we are confident that we can meet every want and please every taste. Prices the very lowest. [4-16-'80-tf.]

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

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THE SUMMER OUTING.

A Trip on the Great Lakes in One of the Big Freight Steamers.

The vacation season will soon be upon the Chicago multitude. When to spend it everybody thinks he knows; but how and where to spend it is another matter. It causes a great deal of hesitation. But to those who have tried it nothing seems finer than a trip on the great lakes. It is strange that Chicago, with the long chain of lakes at its very door, should be so poorly supplied with means of transportation. It may be said that there is no transportation at all.

No lake city of any consequence is so inadequately furnished with lake transit facilities for passengers. The lack of accommodations has occasioned a lack of interest in travel of such kind. East-bound tourists travel by train. A few Chicagoans who have "the influence" have in the past resorted to a novel method of taking a trip on the lakes. Not only is the method novel, but the experience is also unusual.

There are several lines of mammoth freight boats traversing the "sisters of the sea." These are fitted up with all modern appliances and have extra saloons for guests of the vessel proprietors. The favored few who have taken trips in these say there is nothing like it; that passenger boats are completely eclipsed. The boats are larger and consequently steadier; there is less formality, greater ease and comfort, more attention from the crew, far better food, and the added charm of a novel point of observation. True, the crowd of fellow-travelers is absent, but these are hardly missed. A reasonable solitude in the midst of mighty nature has a refreshing effect, and here is perfect rest.

To cut through the waters at the rate of twelve to seventeen miles an hour, to pass vessel after vessel on lakes covered with fleets, to catch a glimpse of gray-green shore here and there, to pass town after town, is a keener, more agreeable sensation than to skim over the ocean with its weary expanse of water day after day.

Each lake has its individual charm and each coast its own interesting characteristics. It is a pity that vessels from Chicago do not carry passengers to every lake port of consequence.

CHAPERONED BACHELORS.

How Young Men Who Are Taken to Leap Year Parties Behave.

Some of the leap year parties seem to have been carried on or off with exceptional spirit, says the New York Times. It has been laughable, for instance, the way in which the men have insisted upon being chaperoned, and young women have called in carriages to accompany gay bachelors, who were carefully protected by their mothers, to the scene of festivities. One inveterate joker gave perhaps a hint to the belles of the sort of chaperons that would be most acceptable when he came into the parlor to receive his fair escort, followed by an elderly aunt who is deaf as a post and is besides almost blind. This same man was wrapped in a white opera cloak cut with an absurd resemblance to a dress suit ulster; he carried a bouquet of flowers and wore a band of ribbon and bow on his hair. When he appeared from the dressing-room, after laying aside his ambiguous wrap, it was seen that the sleeves of his coat had been taken out and elbow sleeves of pink silk and lace substituted, which, met by long pink kid gloves, effectually "brightened" his toilet and added to his nondescript appearance.

At another leap-year party, held just before Lent began, the young women danced the cotillon with white silk crush hats under their arms. At the same affair a young footman in cap and apron did duty in the men's dressing-room, which was besides plentifully provided with powder and rouge boxes, hairpins, a tray of bonbons, and aggressive bottles of cologne and extracts. When the ladies doffed their outside gear the actual maid wore with her regulation petticoats a livery jacket and vest and carried a whisk broom as a sort of badge of office. The room was bereft of its usual feminine fripperies, and in their place were suggestively set out tobacco, pipes and cigars, with decanters of cognac and a huge fancy bowl piled with cloves.

A HEROIC FIREMAN.

He Rescued Four Lives at a Single Fire in New York.

A hero in humble life was recognized in New York lately by the gift of a gold medal. He richly deserved it, a fact which appears in this record of his deeds, published in the Christian at Work:

A sergeant of fire patrol in this city, John R. Vaughan, was present at the fire in the Hotel Royal a month ago. At a window in one of the upper stories was gathered a group with anxious faces—a father, mother and child—waiting, perhaps, to die together.

At the next window, in an adjoining building appeared a sergeant of our patrol. The distance was too great to reach. Without hesitation he threw himself down, resting one arm upon the sill and entwining his leg around a telephone wire, fortunately conveniently near; with his other arm, one by one, he conducted this group of three over his prostrate body, as a bridge, to a window of safety.

His work was not yet done. Ascending the roof he discovered a man standing upon the sill of a window in another portion of the house, doubting whether to meet death by jumping or wait to be overtaken by the fire.

Shouting to him to wait and he would save him, Mr. Vaughan rushed to the street, and calling upon his comrades to follow, ascended to the roof of another adjoining building; hastily throwing off his coat, his companions holding him by his legs he threw himself head downward over the cornice, and with their assistance, raised this man of over two hundred pounds in weight to the roof. The rescue was completed; these lives were saved.

Mr. Vaughan was presented with a gold medal commemorating his heroism. And he richly deserved it. He was a true hero, and none the less so that he performed his deeds in the line of his duty.

A Queer Flower.

On Mount Whitney, the highest mountain in California, at a level of fourteen thousand feet above the sea and fifteen hundred feet above the timber-line, where there is no soil, and no moisture save snow and hail and ice, there grows a little flower shaped like a bell-flower, gaudy in colors of red, purple and blue. It is called Jacob's ladder; and its fragrance partakes of the white jasmine. It blooms alone; for it not only has no floral associates, but there is no creature—not even bird or insect—to keep it company.

Suicides for Sensation.

There is in Paris a class of suicides who make every arrangement for studied effect. They are known to the police as suicides a sensation. To spite some persons and make themselves shudderingly remembered, all the detail is thought out. Numberless letters of farewell are written, an elaborate will is prepared, the rooms are put in order, and the best clothes are donned. Poison or the fumes of charcoal are preferred by this class; the revolver or drowning disfigure the features too much and spoil the effect. And this form of suicide seems to be largely on the increase.

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STRANGE PIETY.

Singular Manifestations Occasioned by Religious Excitement.

Strange Scenes Witnessed Among the Southern Negroes During Their Revivals—The Religious Servant Viewed with Distrust.

The different aspects of religion are as diverse as the workings of the human mind. And there is no belief advanced, no matter how absurd its doctrines, that will not find some votaries to worship at its shrine. The negro Christianity in the south is a queer combination of ignorance, superstition and faith. In a bushel of their foolish beliefs one finds only a small grain of truth. In fact, it would seem they had modified their former fetichism into a kind of heathen Christianity.

As a matter of truth, a southern negro's piety has little influence on his everyday life. Some of the biggest rogues and most immoral are the leading singers in the "meetin'," and no thought of the incongruity of their lives ever strikes them. Perhaps the doctrine that prevails among them to a large extent induces this contrast, for many believe that "once in grace, always in grace." So a subsequent lapse into sin is not supposed to have any unfortunate consequences.

Many southern housekeepers regard their servants' efforts at "gettin' 'ligion" with horror. For, contrary to what one would suppose, those who "belong ter de church" are generally the least reliable. And their methods of winning salvation are anything but pleasant. In the first place, they imagine that all conversions are the result of sudden revelation. In this revelation, which they call their "sperience," they are supposed to be transported out of the flesh and to visit, in the spirit, another world. All this takes place while the body is said to remain dormant in a trance.

On awakening, some tell marvelous tales of the sights they have seen, describing graphically the golden glories of the New Jerusalem and the cavernous sulphur pits of hell. Others speak of familiar conversations with the Saviour. And these tales, says the New York Advertiser, ludicrous as they generally are, often border on the blasphemous.

Of course, one must accept the religionist's word for ever having been in a trance at all. But evidently their overwrought nerves and the unnatural state of mania into which they work themselves contribute to render their hallucinations a reality.

Sometimes it really does happen that the negro, when worked up by a revival, faints from sheer exhaustion. Again, in their frenzy and shouting, they violently pound their brethren, and occasionally this exalted state of piety leads to a "knock-down and drag-out" fight. Some almost tear their clothing to pieces in their excitement.

To a northern reader this state of ignorance may seem strange. Yet in the city of New York there is a large class whose ignorance is as dense, and who need the missionary as much as their negro brothers in the south.

CIGARETTE FIENDS.

Among Them Are a Great Many of the Gentler Sex.

"I know several girls who smoke cigarettes," a New York Herald reporter heard a pretty damsel say, "and it doesn't hurt them a bit. I smoke one every day after dinner—just one little delicate one, don't you know, with a holder. Lots of women do it, only they won't own up."

Having ascertained where they usually get them, the reporter called at the place and incidentally mentioned the matter.

"Oh, yes, we sell a good many cigarettes to ladies," said a woman in charge of that branch. "They usually come in with some excuse that they want them for somebody else, and this may be true, but that is none of our business. Very often gentlemen buy cigarettes for ladies. How do I know? Well, they are always more particular and dainty of choice. That is why they come here. They pay fifty cents to one dollar a package for the best—for themselves they get the cheaper kind at the nearest cigar store anywhere. Men don't know how to smoke cigarettes—that is, few know. They smoke out of doors. To enjoy a cigarette properly one should lie down, or at least recline in an easy posture, in the quiet of a comfortable room. To the easy attitude should be brought a mind thoroughly composed, and under these conditions of relaxation a good cigarette is thoroughly enjoyable and beneficial."

FOREIGN PAPER MONEY.

Bank Note Currency of Various Countries in the Old and New Worlds.

The bank of England note is five inches by eight in dimensions, and is printed in black ink on Irish linen water-lined paper, plain white with ragged edges. The notes of the banque de France are made of white, water-lined paper, printed in blue and black, with numerous mythological and allegorical pictures, and running in denomination from the twenty-five franc note to the one thousand franc. South American currency, in most countries, is about the size and general appearance of American bills, except that cinnamon brown and slate blue are the prevailing colors, and that Spanish and Portuguese are the prevailing language engraved on the face. The German currency is rather artistic, according to Golden Days. The bills are printed in green and black. They run in denominations of from five to one thousand marks. Their later bills are printed on silk fiber paper.

The Chinese paper currency is in red, white and yellow, with gilt lettering and gorgeous little hand-drawn devices. The bills, to the ordinary financier, might pass for washing bills, but they are worth good money in the flowery kingdom. Italian notes are of all sizes, shapes and colors. The smaller bills—five and ten lyre notes—are printed on white paper in pink, blue and carmine inks, and ornamented with a finely engraved vignette of King Humbert. The one hundred ruble note of Russia is barred from top to bottom with all the colors of the rainbow, blended as when shown through a prism. In the center, in bold relief, stands a large, finely-executed vignette of Empress Catherine I. This is in black. The other engraving is not at all intricate or elaborate, but is well done in dark and light brown and black inks. The Australian bill is printed on light-colored thick paper, which shows none of the silk fiber marks or geometrical lines used in American currency as a protection against counterfeiting.

How to Eat a Water-Melon

It is said in Florida that the way to eat an orange is to put your nose in it. This advice applies to the water-melon in the most emphatic manner. There is nothing fit to eat in the melon but the heart, and that should be torn out and eaten bodily, and if the juices should run down the neck and into the sleeves, so much the better. Sweets to the sweet—and nothing could be sweeter than these juices, which embody the fruition of the year and all that is best in the seasons. The knife is a deadly weapon. It destroys the flavor and has a deadly effect on the fruit. People who understand their business never use a knife, but go at it like pugilists, and the more barbarous the attack the finer the feast.